

The Wisconsin Octopus. Vol. 23, No. 1

September, 1941

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, September, 1941

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WPMRQCZLCIZAP8G>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

For information on re-use, see

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

23 #1

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS



SEPTEMBER

15 Cents



SIX, SEVEN MILES UP! In air no man can breathe—and *live!* Motors—now even *pilots* are “super-charged.” On the stationary bicycle (*above*) Marshall Headle, chief test pilot of Lockheed, breathes pure oxygen for 30 minutes before a test flight in Lockheed’s new interceptor.



SHE CLIMBS A MILE A MINUTE. They call her “Lightning.” Pilot Headle clammers into the cockpit, switches from a pocket oxygen flask to his cabin supply, and streaks for the stratosphere. He’s test-flown 300 different planes. But when he lands, it’s always... “Now for a Camel.”



YOU CAN’T SEE HIM up there. You can scarcely hear the hum of his motors. Then his voice comes into the radio tower: “Headle—35,000 feet—diving now.” And you just *hope!* Seconds later—yes, seconds—he’s landing. And here he is (*above*) cool, calm, lighting up a Camel.



THE SMOKE'S THE THING!



CAMEL'S
EXTRA MILDNESS
IS PLENTY OKAY WITH ME.
I SURE GO FOR
THAT FULL, RICH
FLAVOR

The *smoke* of slower-burning
Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other
largest-selling brands tested—less than
any of them—according to independent
scientific tests of *the smoke itself*

“Less nicotine in the smoke means more mildness to me,” says test pilot Marshall Headle as he lights up America’s favorite cigarette

THERE may be little traffic at 35,000 feet, but test-diving any new, untried plane is no Sunday joy-ride. No, not even for veteran Marshall Headle (*above*).

Naturally, mildness is important to Marshall Headle. And in the cigarette of costlier tobaccos... Camels... he gets extra mildness—less nicotine in the smoke.

What cigarette are *you* smoking now? Chances are it’s one of the five included in the nicotine tests reported above at the right—tests which trace Camel’s advantage right down to the actual smoke itself. Obviously, the *smoke’s* the thing! Try Camels. For convenience—economy—buy the carton.

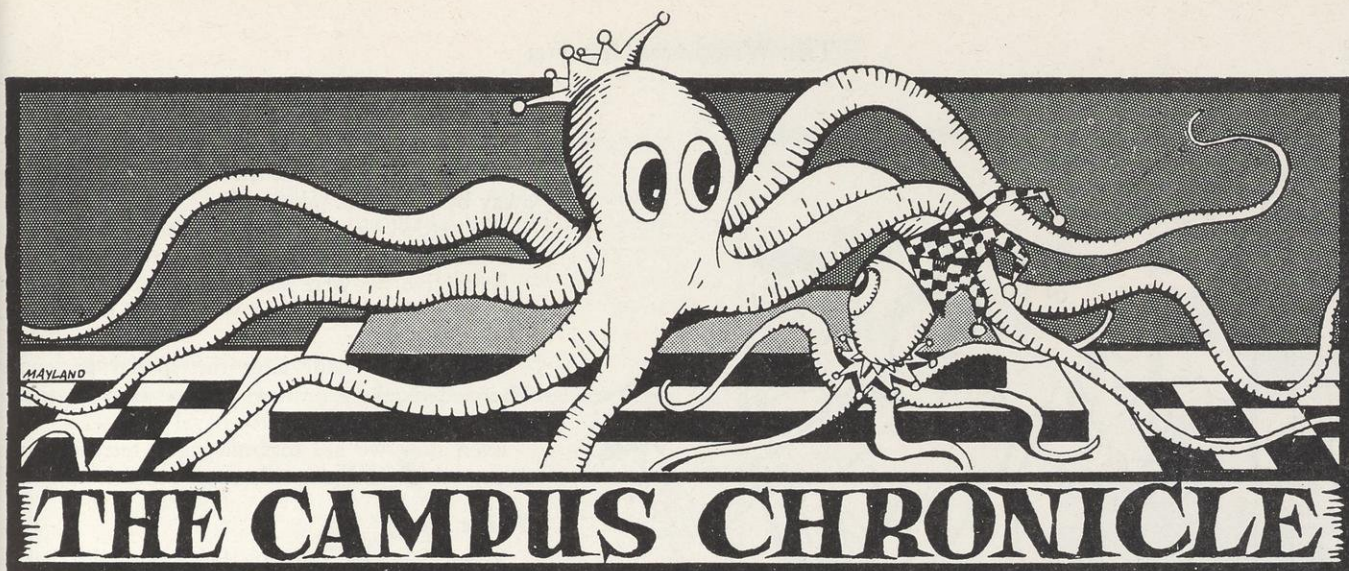


BY BURNING 25%
SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

**5 EXTRA
SMOKES
PER PACK!**

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS



WITH THE titanic defense effort throughout the nation and the new boom in employment opportunities and wage increases we recently found ourselves fearing for the moral fiber of our youth.

One freshman we know, after a pleasantly indolent and frolicsome four years of high school, decided to redeem his shattered life and get a job for the summer. He got one—carrying sheets of steel and nailing them onto wooden frames for thirty cents an hour. The tyro toiler did not take kindly to his work. He was loud in bitter denunciations of the back-breaking, sweat-shop factory system. We even sympathized with him in his pain and strife. Thirty cents an hour is not precisely over-payment for shoving steel around.

So we were glad for the lad when he got a new job with a road construction crew. Despite the fact that he still felt the job too plebeian for his talents he consoled himself with the happy thought that he would be near the girl-friend (who coincidentally was the daughter of the contractor) and that he would receive the loftier remuneration of sixty cents an hour.

The next time we saw him we expected to see a youth tanned, clear-eyed, muscular, with realistic ideas about earning his daily bread.

We asked him about his new job.

"Oh," he said, "I got a white collar job. I only dug ditches for one day. Now I sit in a little shack and mark down the net and gross weights of the trucks after the inspector weighs them. And I get my thirty bucks a week, rain or shine."

"Gee," we envied, "that's a pretty swell deal."

But the payoff was his reply. "That's what you think," said he. "You'd be surprised how tiresome it gets waiting for the trucks to come by."

Inexpensive Evening

On a date one evening this summer a friend of ours displayed a carefree bit of ingenuity.

The night was nice, his companion very pretty, but his

billfold very flat. After some miles of aimless driving they stopped at a dance pavilion at Lake Koshkonong. It was a little place; a few chairs and tables, a small space for dancing, and a juke box. But tonight was Saturday and on Saturdays a four piece orchestra took the place of the platter music.

Our friend knew no one in the crowd of rural night-lifers. But he knew the boys in the orchestra. He went over to talk to them.

The bass player felt facetious. "How about taking a chorus of the Hut Sut Song?" he asked.

Our friend who is practically uninhibited promptly stood up beside the girl vocalist and together they warbled the time-worn Swedish tune.

The surprising result was a demand for an encore from the lovers of good music. This finished, the trumpet player tossed our friend a black derby regularly used as a trumpet mute.

"Here, Caruso, pass it around."

And our friend nonchalantly did just that.

"We're taking contributions for the special entertainment," he explained to his audience. When he had circled the room the derby jingled pleasantly. He flipped a quarter to the girl singer, emptied the black derby, and spent the rest of the evening in munificent splendor.

All is not lost in the fight for Democracy.

Sailor's Holiday

We wonder if the USO isn't unduly worried about providing diversified entertainment for our nation's armed forces.

This summer we took a day cruise on the brineless deep of Lake Michigan. It was the last trip of the season so with more than usual mental alertness we reasoned that since a large crowd would be on hand we should get to the boat early. As it turned out, three-quarters of pleasure-seekers were even brighter than we. They were at Chicago's Navy Pier to greet us. The others trampled in with us, the nine o'clock late-comers. The cruise was to start at ten.

After standing for an hour in a mass of shirt sleeves and cigars and feminine sailor hats and chevroned slacks the gangplank was let down. Hundreds of ribs were staved





Introducing

Hard-to-get Gertie, the freshman flash,
Who's come to college to make a splash.
She's doing all right
With all men in sight,
Who approve her BARON's College Shop dash.

ON THE SQUARE
Baron's
We Give Eagle Stamps

and thousands of toes were crushed as the crowd aboard. And even then, there were those who were away by the ticket taker.

We settled down in a deck chair and waited for the steamer to start. It was after ten o'clock.

By twelve we were sick of the sea and rumors were circulating that the steamer was being held up to wait for special passengers.

And half an hour later the special passengers appeared. There, flanked by smiling sweethearts and dressed in nattiest uniforms, came fifty naval cadets.

Even now we are formulating a recreation plan for the Army which includes rifle ranges and hiking clubs.

Suave Stuff

When you get sick of the Rathskeller beer (and you will!) you might switch over to ice cream sandwiches. Ice cream is quite edible. So much so, in fact, that you might want to try this on the bewildered Rathskeller waiters:

Stride up to the bar and smile winningly. In fifteen minutes one of the boys will notice you and say, "Ya want somthin'?"

And quick like a wink you flash back with, "Yes, much do you want for four ice cream sandwiches?" Nine times out of ten the waiter will be dazed and eventually reply, "Chee, I dunno. A nickel I guess."

You sly rogue, now press your advantage and make a coup. "All right," you say, "give me a dime's worth

The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

DEAN G. C. SELLERY, *Pres.* JAMES A. WATROUS, *Vice-President*
RAY L. HILSENHOFF, *Secretary and Treasurer*
EDWARD J. MAYLAND STANLEY O'MALLEY

BUSINESS STAFF

STANLEY O'MALLEY, *Business Manager*
SAM GRECO, *Advertising Manager*
JOAN WITHERINGTON, *Personnel Manager*
PAT BISSELL, *Slots Manager*
Bill Kopps, Robert Braeger, Eleanor Rosner, Joey Fourt

EDWARD J. MAYLAND, *Executive Editor*

Contributors:

George Hoeveler, Lars Larsons, L. S. Silk, Art Dallman, Ken Bellile, Helen Lansberg, Jean Sperry, Joan Dretzin, Owen Kampen, Mary Elizabeth Harvey, Iris Barrel, Virginia Shaw, Myron Gordon, Ruth DeGroot

Copyright, September, 1941, by the WISCONSIN OCTOPUS, 770 Langdon Street, Madison. Published ten times during the year by the students of the University of Wisconsin. Rights granted to legitimate college magazines; cuts will be loaned upon request. Entered as second class matter at post-office, Madison, Wisconsin, under act of March 3, 1909. Subscription rate \$1.00 per year in U. S., Mexico and Timor, \$1.25 in Canada and U. S. possessions (except the Virgin Islands), in England, no money down—no payments till known when.

Volume XXIII

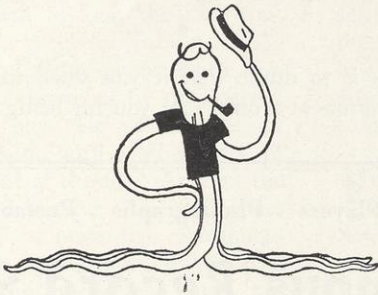
September, 1941

Number

cream in a glass and put in an extra scoop to make up for the four sandwich wafers that I'm not using."

This semi-swindle will be too intricate for a Rathskeller waiter to grasp immediately. But finally he will blush weakly, lower his head, and submit to your subtle ruse. Or else his brute jaw will jut out, his beetle-brows will knit menacingly, and he will growl, "Hey, whatcha think yer givin' me!"

Unfortunately, the latter reply is the most frequent.



BY WAY OF INVITATION

Octy has never stood too much on formality. Whether you're freshman or senior, he can use you in some capacity . . . as artist, writer, or business staff member.

Octy waves a tentacle of cordiality to you and invites you to drop into his palatial offices on the third floor of the Union. He'll like you.

Apple Polishing, Eh!

We could hardly wait to get back from our summer's vacation in Bermuda to relay this story that we heard on one of the last days of school last June.

Our good friend Prof. Ross of the Sociology department was sitting in his office one morning during exam week nodding over a mimeographed translation of Max Weber when he was interrupted by a timid knocking at his door. His response brought a pretty little freshman girl into the office and up to his desk. She smiled sweetly and swished her plaited skirt.

"I enjoyed your course, sir," she began.

The professor's vanity was touched and he was obviously pleased; but then, suddenly, puzzled. "Why, what course do you mean?" he asked.

"Your Soc. I, sir, it was darling." She smiled nicely.

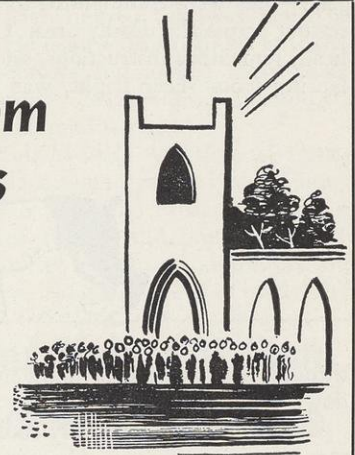
"But I didn't teach any courses this year," blurted the startled professor. "I'm retired!"

Panic seized the bewildered co-ed. "Oh!" she gasped, "Oh! I'm sorry sir, but—I haven't been there much anyway." The professor silently knocked the ashes from his pipe as she hurried from the office and down the hall.

From the Front

Our favorite draftee, who is, incidentally, a very recent Octy editor, is convinced that Uncle Sam is having a lot of fun with the army. It seems that one afternoon he (the draftee) found himself marching with his company under full pack straight for the gas chamber and Chemical Warfare area. After being given a long and hair-raising lecture on how to wear their gas-masks and the dangers they were about to be exposed to—mustard-gas, tear-gas, and phos-

For whom
the bells
toll



OD (olive drab)

Corrientes
SHETLANDS

\$35

The top ranking University fabric of the year is Shetland—in a diagonal weave.

The color choice for campus wear is OD (olive drab). Put the two—OD and Shetland together and you have the suiting hit of 1941.

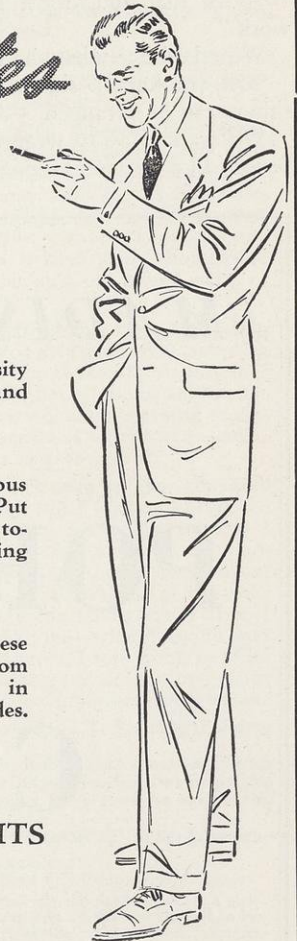
We have a selection of these luxurious Shetlands made from fine South American wools in the OD and other rich shades.

SMART COVERT SUITS

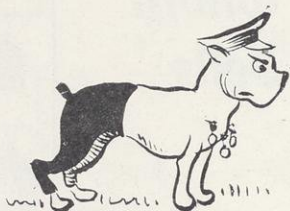
\$30 and \$35

Olson & Veerhusen

7—NORTH PINCKNEY—9



gene—they were commanded to put on their gas-masks and set out across the deadly area. Our hero, trying to keep his head, remember instructions, and restrain himself from collapsing from sheer fright, was nervously battling his way



through heavy clouds of phosgene when he chanced to look down at the ground.

There, trotting along very coolly, and without a gas-mask, was a little fox terrier. Grinning like hell, too, swears our correspondent.

Than Meets the Eye

Having rather rashly signed up for a few summer courses at Columbia University, we went up to see the registrar about having our credits transferred to Madison. The registrar's secretary, a pretty blonde, spoke to us.

"University of Wisconsin?" she asked. We told her yes.

"I see that you've got Dykstra back," she said. "Nice work."

We asked her what she meant.

"Oh, you know," she said, handing us our change. "Those things can be arranged"—and she winked at us slyly.

We walked away wrapped in a cloud of dark intrigue, feeling like an international diplomat.

From the University of Chicago comes the neatest "last word" story that we have yet found. It concerns another of those professors who, always anxious to improve their course, add as the last question of their final exam, "What have you thought of this course?" The prof in question, upon reaching the end of what had been one of the worst of his papers, found the following notation: "I think that this was a very well rounded course. Everything not given during the semester has been included in the final examination."

This class is so dumb that if you stood in a circle the Federal government would raid you for being a dope ring.

Record Players . Phonographs . Portable Radios

Campus Record Shop

521 State

Gifford 2440

VICTOR

COLUMBIA

DECCA

BLUEBIRD

OKEH

Popular and Classical Recordings

"Where the Collectors Collect"

**MADISON'S MOST
INTERESTING**

PORTRAIT STUDIO

AND

CAMERA SHOP

FRITZ KAISER II

608 STATE

Sabronovich, the Star



WHEN KRASSNITZ, the alumnus in Potstown wrote me a rave notice on Seward Sabronovich I wasn't very impressed. Those stars from the sticks usually don't amount to so much. But finally after three letters and a telegram I went up north to look the kid over. And I got a surprise. Sabronovich—Seward "Pipe" Sabronovich, as he was half-jokingly known as by the natives, was quite a boy. He was six feet of brawn and bone with a solid block of the bone right at the top. And on the gridiron he was great. The first game I saw him in he made five nice touchdowns. This was in spite of the way he gummed up most of the plays. He had more brawn and less brains than any player I've ever seen. Most of the time when he carried the ball he'd forget the signals, get a hurt bewildered look on his face, and then rip through the opposition without any interference. It was the same way on defense. He'd blink his eyes at the opposing

blockers and then he'd wind up by smearing the ball-carrier all over the place. Yeah, the raw material was there all right so I figured, hell, let the coaches worry about what to do about it.

So I talked to the kid about going to the U. I got a scholarship for him from the Alumni Association. I got a nice soft job lined up for him. And finally the kid says yes. So I told him to stay in shape during the summer, and take good care of himself and in the fall I'd come up and get him all set at the U.

* * * *

THE FIRST DAY I ran my tail off showing Sabronovich the campus. "Well, Seward," I said, "it's a beautiful place isn't it?"

"Yeah," he said, "I'm hungry."

After lunch Sabronovich should have laid down for a couple of weeks like a boa constrictor to digest his food. But after his third dessert we hit the trail again. We listened to a flock of speeches that bored both of us. Except when the Dean talked he said something about the need for "clear think-

ers in a war-torn world." Sabronovich must have figured this was aimed at him. He leaned forward and wrinkled his eyebrows and looked more dazed than usual. "You know," he said, "I think the man is right."

"Uhuh," I said. And then we trotted to a place where we had to fill out a couple of thousand cards. On most of the first few he did pretty well. He could write his name and address. But then we came to one that said, 'Per-

**"Not Malt, Not Rum,
Not Wine, Not Nuts,
So Help Me, It's Tobacco!"**

6137 No. Meridian St.,
Indianapolis, Ind.
June 27, 1941

Larus & Bro., Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I'm still a young fellow, or like to think so, and as long as I've smoked, I've smoked a pipe. Life for me has been a continual round of trying different tobacco.

I've paid as high as six dollars a pound for the stuff. I've had mixtures made to order.

I've smoked tobacco that tasted like honey, that tasted like rum, that tasted like wine, that tasted like maple sugar, that tasted like nuts, that tasted like burning hickory, that tasted like sweet grass. I once smoked a British blend that tasted like somebody's old tweed suit, so help me.

But Edgeworth—I can't possibly explain it, but Edgeworth tastes an awful lot like tobacco! Possibly it is tobacco and not malt, not apples, not rum, not wine, not something to disguise the taste of a product the manufacturer is ashamed of.

I shouldn't take up your time like this, really. But I long ago promised the first time I found a tobacco I could smoke for a month or more steadily without tongue-bite, throat irritation, dizziness, and at the same time enjoy the flavor every time I lighted the pipe—when I found that kind of tobacco, I was going to write the manufacturer and tell him about it. Thanks for Edgeworth, gentlemen!

(Signed) G. T. Fleming Roberts

NOTE: Mr. Roberts got acquainted with America's Finest Pipe Tobacco by sending in this coupon for a generous sample tin.

SEND FOR SAMPLE (At Our Expense)

LARUS & BRO. CO.
209 So. 22nd St., Richmond, Virginia
Please send me, at your expense, a generous sample of **EDGEWORTH** Ready-Rubbed, America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.

Name _____
(Please print your name and address clearly)

Address _____

City or Town _____

State _____

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

which safely

STOPS *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not harm dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after under-arm shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of The American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



39¢ a jar

Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars

ARRID



Arrid is the **LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT...**
Try a jar today—at stores which sell toilet goods.

sonal Interests Card.' Sabronovich looked at me, puzzled. "That one, Seward," I said, "just means what stuff you like to do best." He nodded his head and went back to his work. And then right off the bat he came to the blank that said, 'Sex, M, F.'

Sabronovich looked up and blushed, "Gosh, no!" he said.

I explained. "That one, I said, "just means are you a boy or a girl."

He wrote down 'boy'. And then he struggled through the rest of the pile pretty well except that he almost got hooked into signing the subscription card that the student newspaper had slid into the bunch. I wondered if maybe the Alumni Association would have me shot for treason.

When we took care of the fees and stuff Sabronovich handed the guy a letter that told about the honorary scholarship. I thought the guy would say, "Are you trying to kid me?" or call a cop or something but we got through that all right. And then we went over to the hospital for the physical exam.

Sabronovich didn't want to go. He was scared of hospitals. But I told him he had to and finally he did. While he was in there I just sat in the hall and read the last *Click*.

VELL VELL

"Anything wrong, madam?"

"Yes, this spaghetti's too stringy."

"Sorry, madam, would you mind trying it with your veil off?"

She—Sir, I believe you're trying to kiss me.

He—Well, now that you understand, suppose we quit assaulting each other and co-operate a little.

Him—Have you any pet hates?

Her—No; I love everything about petting.

When he got done I said, "Well, Seward, it wasn't so bad was it?"

"No," he said, "but they're nuts. They shoved me from one place to another listening to me and pounding



me. One guy hit my back and told me to say, 'ninety-nine, ninety-nine, ninety-nine.' And another guy told me to bend over and spread my cheeks. And then when I did he said, 'No, not like that. You're supposed to—'

"Yeah," I said, "they're nuts all right. But now you're through for the day, I guess. So you go back to your room and I'll see you tomorrow morning. Now re-

member, at eight o'clock you see your adviser. That's room 103 at the gym. You better write it on the back of your hand so you won't forget. He'll tell you what subjects you have to take. And then right after that I'll meet you at the football field."

I WATCHED the boys pass the ball around for a half an hour. Then Sabronovich showed up. "Hello, Seward," I said. "You all set?"

"Yeah," he said, "only the guy said I should take geography and I don't know if I should because I had geography in grade school."

I told him it was all right; he wouldn't be taking unfair advantage of anybody. "Now look," I said, "we're finally already to go. Get a uniform from the manager over there and get dressed. Then I'll introduce you to the coaches and you can get in a little practice before lunch."

"Now remember, Seward, I want you to get out there and really show 'em you've got the stuff. Watch out so you don't get hurt and try to remember what the coaches tell you. But for gosh sakes play good ball."

Get out there and block and run and tackle like you did in those games I saw you in. And you got to go good—

SCOTCH

Hello! Is this the Smight Apartment? . . . Well, I'm McTavish in the apartment below you . . . Listen, it's three in the morning now, and your party has kept me awake all night . . . I don't mind the pounding and shrieking and music and stamping and banging that's been going on over my head, but put some more sugar in that Tom Collins that's dripping through the ceiling.

FASHION NOTE

There will be slight changes in infant wear from day to day.

Teacher—What king said, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse?"

Willie—Don't ask me, teacher, I don't even know who said, "I'd walk a mile for a camel!"

Mary—I'll never go fishing with Ed again!

Lou—Why, what did he do?

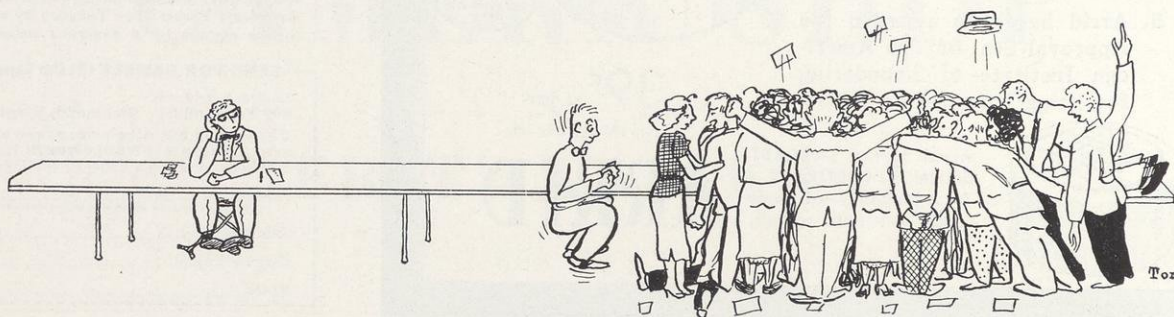
Mary—He . . . fished.

Girl—I want some real kiss-proof lipstick.

Clerk—Try this. It's a cross between a onion and a bichloride of mercury.

CLASSICS

ECONOMICS 1



for yourself, and me too. I don't want every alumnus in the country on my neck. Now get dressed."

"No," he said, "I ain't. I ain't going to play football."

"You aren't what—!" I said.

"I ain't going to play football," he said again. "I been thinking a lot. This place is so serious and complicated and everything. And what that bald-headed guy said the first day about things. So I ain't going to play football. I'm just going to study hard and get myself an Education."

And then he carried me off the field.
—R. L. H.

"What are you doing here, dear?"

"Looking for a husband."

"But you've got one!"

"That's the one I'm looking for."

Joe College—"Something seems to be wrong with this motor."

His Flame of the Moment—"Don't be foolish. Wait till we get off the main road."

Painter's assistant approaches painter, hard at work on the ceiling—"Hey, Mister, have you got a good hold on that brush?"

"I think so, why?"

"Well, hang on tight—I'm gonna move this ladder."

"Tell a risqué story to Marge and she doesn't even blush."

"Is she sophisticated?"

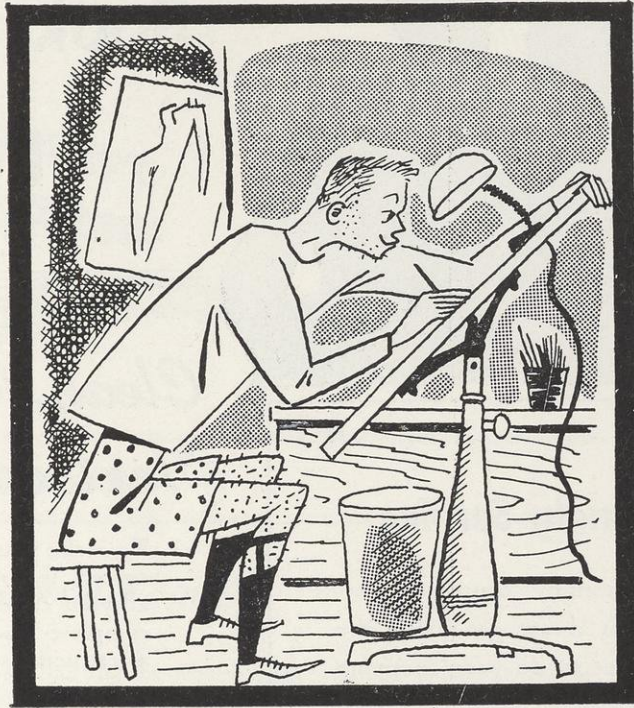
"No, anaemic."

It's all right to tell a girl she has pretty ankles, but don't compliment her too highly.

Host—"That whiskey, sir, is twenty years old!"

Guest—"Rather small for its age, don't you think?"

And then there's the fellow who walked into a bar optimistically, and left misty optically.



WE LIKE TO SEE
YOU HAPPY!

*Octymen stay up late
to give you the BEST
in humor.*

\$1.00 buys 10 lively issues
of your

OCTOPUS

Wisconsin's Big College Bookstore Saves You Real Money!



Friendly Service

The friendly, courteous service you always get makes it a pleasure to do your shopping at Brown's, Wisconsin's BIG College Bookstore!

5% Rebates . . .

Here is a budget stretcher that you can use anytime . . . no complicated membership system to wade through each time . . . for the cash register receipts you receive with purchases at Brown's are your 5% REBATE CHECK savings!

Free!

A sturdy, attractive book cover for each of your textbooks. The supply is limited, so get yours NOW!



Clean, Reconditioned Used Textbooks

To make your book dollars go farther . . . to get the correct textbooks assigned by your instructors for all your courses . . . be sure to look at Brown's more complete stocks of good-looking clean used books at reductions of 25% or more from the new price.

Largest Stock of New Books, Too!

→ To Help You Save Money . . .

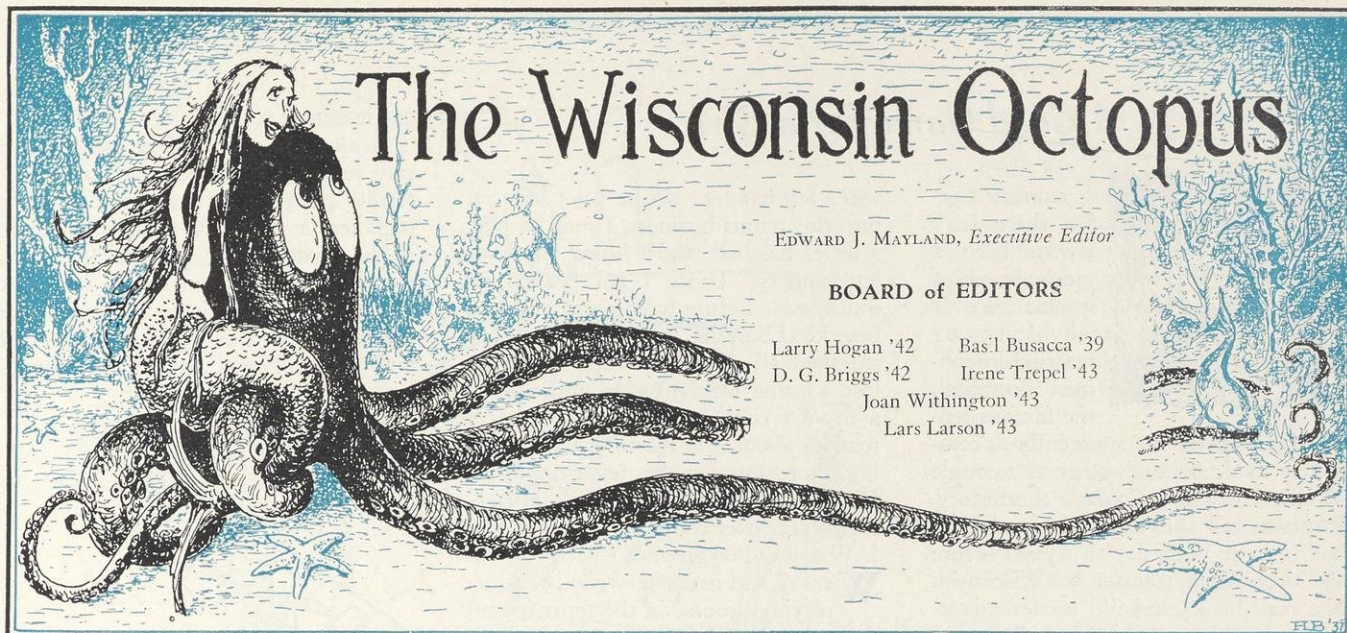
Select your textbooks just as soon as you decide what courses you will take. Our official faculty textbook lists tell you the correct book for every course. We'll lay them aside for you until the opening day of classes. No deposit required. Get your pick of Brown's big stock of clean used books today!

Student Supplies . . .

More than 2,500 different items. Each of Brown's supply departments provides a range of prices to fit every budget comfortably with merchandise of dependable quality.

BROWN'S BOOK SHOP

STATE AND LAKE STREETS



Volume XXIII

SEPTEMBER, 1941

Number 1

On Second Thought



HELLO, little freshmen! Having a good time at this great and wicked university? Fine, we're glad to see you happy but, remember, you must be courteous to our upperclassmen!

In step with the general price increases which national defense has brought about, University fees were raised. We have it on the best authority, though, that student wages will probably not go above the usual forty cents per hour.

The senate finance committee has voted to lower income tax exemptions to \$750 for single men. That still doesn't include us for we earn \$3.87 a week and take that out in meals besides!

In a patriotic effort to make present silk supplies last as long as possible, cinema actress Olivia DeHaviland pledged Hollywood actresses to refrain from stocking up on silk lingerie. "I've worn cotton panties before and can do it again," said Olivia. On the home front the Thetas will go them one better and show their patriotism by wearing no pants at all.

Joe Louis and wife are happily reunited after divorce proceedings in which Mrs. Louis claimed Joe had given her a couple of uppercuts. Joe prob-

ably promised her that he wouldn't hit in the clinches.

Because of our tiff with Japan, silk stockings will be doomed to extinction. The bare-legged coed is sneering smugly.

A general says the army needs more poker-playing and less pampering. And he stands to lose more than a paltry \$21 a month, too.

The American Legion says they are still against Communism. Boy, that's going out on a limb.

Government official says public debate lowers morale of nation. Let's get on the band wagon, eh; there's not much debating in Europe.

With the present turn of events, critics of the University will have to charge that the campus is full of fascists instead of Reds.



"I was a freshman once myself!"

In Ringling Brother's sideshow an artist swallows live animals. Ah, a Princeton man!

The new curb on installment buying is a great thing. Now people can start paying for their old stuff.

Russ Buy Billion in Equipment—*Headline.* Plutocrats!

We read where an acrobat fell sixty feet, landed head first on the steel top of a car, and escaped uninjured. That's what we call using his head.

Roundy, sports prognosticator, says that Wisconsin should have the greatest team in forty-four years. Minnesota, Northwestern, and Indiana are probably in the same fix themselves.

Elephant tests defense woods, we read. You can't accuse the GOP of failing in the crisis.

Octy pooh-poohs talk of receiving the course in sub-Freshman English. We feel the Cardinal is still the place for those deficient in composition and grammar.

"Swift Fingers Create Magic of French Hat" runs a fashion headline. And slow masculine fingers create the magic of an American check.

A Good Game for a Girl



IN CERTAIN circles there has always been a great deal of speculation over why I never married Josephine Trumbull, the famous tennis player. We were apparently as completely made for each other as a couple of characters in a *Collier's* short story. Joey was tall and fair and blonde and had been at Wellesley two years before she decided to transfer to Wisconsin. She read books and did modern dancing and all that sort of thing. But most important of all, she had taken two sets from Alice Marble.

The one thing about Joey that frightened me from the start was that she

was a left-hander. Before I got seduced into this tennis business, I used to play a lot of baseball, and I know all about left-handers. Twice I got beamed by southpaws. Lefties have a way of going berserk. Like the time Lefty Grove smashed all of Moore's bats when he lost a game for Grove by misjudging a fly. Of course, I wasn't there but I read all about it at the time I was playing short-stop for the Jefferson Street Giants and was batting .589, the highest average ever compiled in the Walter J. Winslow Playground, I bet.

WELL, I had had a very good summer playing around in the tournaments the summer before Joey came to Wisconsin, and it looked as though I was a sure thing to be seeded nationally before too long. I seem to be talking a hell of a lot about myself, don't I? I'll

cut it out.

So along came Joey. The whole thing ran very true to form: met at a fraternity party, some skating and skiing together, a string of formals, pictures in the Co-op window, and all that junk that once seemed as though it might mean something. Joey was very nice through all of this—rather cool-headed and graceful and crisp. She always



looked so terrifically nice, with her long, crisp lines, like a Class A racing skow. And she could talk tennis like Grantland Rice or Allison Danzig, of *The Times*.

Springtime came, and eventually dry courts again. Dry courts and kids lying on the grass around Bascom Hill trying to read, and canoes on the lake—and, of course, love. I was pretty sure all winter that I wasn't in love with Joey. But you know how things go in April in Wisconsin. I think if you were going with Zuzu, the girl with the elephant skin, or Madame Lavalier, the Bearded Lady, you would fall madly in love with her, when the robins and sweaters and tennis racquets appeared again on a blooming Langdon Street.

JOEY and I were both getting our games into pretty good shape, but we hadn't played against each other yet. I didn't much want to play her, because I was equally afraid of beating her badly and getting beaten badly by her.

But, obviously, the day had to come some time, and it did, on May 2, 1940. Mars was in the ascendancy that day and Taurus was waiting in the bullpen.

She won the spin for service. "Ready, Mr Long?" she said, and there was a peculiar frost in the air. "Yep," I said. Then she waited before serving. She waited and waited what seemed three or four minutes, then without warning exploded one into my court. She aced me. Then, bang, bang, bang, she drove me far back into my court, then chop-



"It says, 'Due to a deficiency in your grade points for the last semester you will not be permitted to enroll for the Fall term.' And it's signed by some Curtis Merriman."

ED. MAYLAND



"I'd like one of those please!"

stroked delicately, making me race into the net like greyhounds in a dog-race. She took the game at love.

I double-faulted on my first service, and she broke through the next one. I began driving harder and we went to deuce. When I stormed the net on the next point she lobbed perfectly over my head, making it her advantage. My first serve was into the net, so I thought I'd turn on the pressure with my next one. It was a doozer of a serve, smack-dab into her court with plenty of steam. She didn't swing at it.

"Out!" she yelled. That was two-love, her favor. I began to see what was going on. I'm bright that way.

I couldn't break through the stinker's service and she had me three-love.

She chiseled me on my first two services, calling them out when they were in by a mile, making it love-thirty, and I was getting hotter by the

second. I decided to drop my serves over the net without anything at all on them, so she couldn't gyp me that way. She put away my soft ones and had me four-love.

"Gee," she said, "your game's a little off today. Tighten up."

"I'll try, Miss Trumbull," I said.

I broke her service on the next game. I kept serving them soft and whipped her anyhow. Then she began coming up to the net and I lobbed her crazy. It was 4-3 in games, her favor.

In the next game, she called "Out!" on a shot that banged a hole right into the side chalk-line and "Oh, in, in, in!" on an attempted passing-shot of her own that would have been very nice if we'd been playing doubles. It was smack on the line, the *outside* alley line. Then she called me for a double-fault again, taking the game. "Are you sure that one was out, Josephine," I asked.

"Certainly," she said. "You're getting all tightened up. Take it easy. The secret of good tennis is relaxation."

"Thank you," I said. "I'll try to remember that."

SHE SERVED the next game. I was reaching over to pick up a ball on my court, when her first serve came over. Then she pulled the waiting-and-exploding act on the next point, and foxed me. I returned her next service, and she returned my shot deeply. I

put it down her right-hand line, and she ran herself out of position to reach it with her back-hand. She couldn't get near the ball when I hammered it down the right side of the court, well in. "Out!" she yelled. "This is set-point coming up."

Her first serve was into the net. I could tell by her expression that she was considering shouting, "Over!" The next one was hard and smack into my court.

"Out!" I roared, and let it go by. I was crossing my Rubicon.

"But it wasn't," she said.

"But it was," said I. "Serve into the other court."

"Like hell I will!" she said. "Dirty gyp!"

"Serve!" I said.

She served, and I called them both out. One of them really *was*. She threw her racquet into the net and came storming up, her eyes on fire.

"That was in," she said.

"It was out."

"In!"

"Out!"

"Then *be* out!" she yelled and swung at my head from the port side. I parried with my racquet, knocking hers out of her hand.

"That was my set, you dirty skunk!" she said, tears coming to her eyes. "I beat you 6-3. You're lousy."

"You play a nice game, for a girl," I said.

"I hope you drop dead."

"I hope you do, too."

"Goodbye, you stinking bad sport," she said.

"Goodbye, sweetheart," said I.

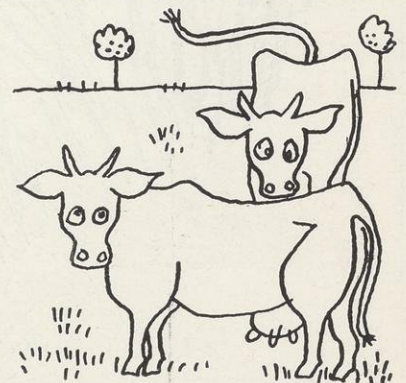
So I did not marry Josephine Trumbull.

—L. S.

AROUSED LAKE LOVERS DON'T MINCE WORDS

* HEADLINE

We were startled too. But the article was about sewage pollution in the lakes.





"—But, Mr. Peacock, you haven't shown us the Willows!"

A Career for Youth



R. PARKTHWAITE watched the office door close. He picked up the cards lying on his desk and placed them in a drawer. He lit a cigarette and inhaled slowly, gaz-

ing at the university calendar pinned to the wall.

It's just that it's warm, he thought. If it was a cool day it wouldn't be so bad. If they all didn't love to write it wouldn't be so bad. If just one of them didn't write for their high school paper it wouldn't be so bad. An advisor. How in God's world did I get to be an advisor?

"Let me advise you," said Mr. Parkthwaite softly. "Let me advise you to leave this office with your program card and your fountain pen and walk towards the lake. Let me advise you to walk quietly over the surface of the lake, leaving scarcely a ripple, continuing until—"

There was a soft knock at the door.

"Come in," said Mr. Parkthwaite. "Come right in."

He turned to face the twelfth freshman he had been visited by that morning. The twelfth freshman smiled shyly at him. She gave him her program card. His fingers were almost steady as he took it.

"Ah," said Mr. Parkthwaite. "Miss Andover. Won't you sit down?"

Miss Andover sat down, crossing her legs. Then she hastily uncrossed them, pulling down her skirt.

"So you are going to major in Journalism?" Mr. Parkthwaite asked, leaf-

"Do you like to write?" asked Mr. Parkthwaite.

"Oh, yes!" Miss Andover leaned forward eagerly. "I love to write. I love it. I wrote for my high-school paper and I was crazy about it. I loved it."

"Well," said Mr. Parkthwaite, smil-

ing weakly. "You came to the right school, a-hah-hah-hah!"

Miss Andover giggled.

"I hope so," she said. "I certainly love to write."

Mr. Parkthwaite hastily consulted her program card.

"I have you scheduled for English, French, History, Science, and Journal-

Sorority House Blues

Low-down, yes, I feel low-down

Dark days ahead Lawd, dark days.

COME, dear room-mate, let us sit down and converse for a while

Let us abandon our unpacking and hammering and care-free banter

Let us bolt the door and speak in hoarse whispers
Of what is to be.

Draw up a chair, dear room-mate, and let us speak from full hearts

Autumn is come, and with it the turning leaf

The sharp air, life a knife; the golden days

And few men, dear room-mate, alas, I fear, mighty few men.

Low-down, yes, I feel low-down

Dark days ahead Lawd, dark days.

Let us face the creeping blight in the land, the rustling despair

Gone are the tall men and the short men

Gone the blond men and the dark

Gone the witty and the sombre

The serious and the gay

Politicians and students and drips and Big Men On Campus
All gone.

The army has taken them; ah! how desolate is Lohmaier's.

Low-down, yes, I feel low-down

Dark days ahead Lawd, dark days.

NOW, fair room-mate, let us cease our singing

Let us lay away our saddle shoes with mournful noises

Let us fold our sweaters and socks with dust and ashes

Let us cease from our contemplation of mirrors

The year lies ahead, and, I fear, few men in the offing

There will be many solitary Saturday nights in the land

Yea, room-mate of mine, there will be a great struggle

Much plotting and planning and intrigue among our fair sisters

No longer shall the porch be thronged with noisome males

Now must we each of us fight, now must we ready ourselves
for the battle.

No cringing, no shyness, no thought of retreat or of faltering

Let us finally emerge, triumphant, two men in our grasp

Two lone men, alas! where once there were twenty.

Yea, only two lone men—one for thee, and one for me.

I would like mine tall.

Low-down, yes, I feel low-down

Dark days ahead Lawd, dark days.

—I. T.



ing through a copy of the study schedule.

"Yes," breathed Miss Andover. "I hope to—I mean, I would like to."

If I ask her if she likes to write I will know that I am really going mad, thought Mr. Parkthwaite.

ism," he said. "Now let's see—English at nine, French at eight, History—what kind of history would you like to take?" He took out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead heavily.

"Well," said Miss Andover.

For a few seconds there was silence.

"Yes," Mr. Parkthwaite said encouragingly.

"Well," said Miss Andover. Suddenly she brightened. "What do *you* suggest?"

Careful now, thought Mr. Parkthwaite. Hang on to yourself.

"Modern European is a popular course," he said.

Miss Andover gave a little shriek.

"Oh, yes!" she squealed. "I love Europe. How did you ever know? I'm fascinated by Europe. I thing it's so *interesting!*"

Mr. Parkthwaite wrote various things on her program, breathing heavily.

"Now, he said, "another thing. Would you rather elect science or mathematics? You have your choice." Maybe she won't say it, he prayed. There is just a chance that she won't say it. On that hope you must live.

"Mathematics?" Miss Andover almost shouted. She looked as if Mr. Parkthwaite had just handed her a snake. "Oh, heavens! I could *never* in my life pass math. I was *terrible* in it in high school. Science! Please, science!"

"Fate," muttered Mr. Parkthwaite. "Karma."

Miss Andover had picked up her program card and was looking at it with distaste.

"Three eight o'clocks," she sighed.

Mr. Parkthwaite attempted to pull himself together.

"It can't be helped," he said. "You really have a very fine schedule. See, no afternoon classes except for your Journalism lecture."

"Oh, I don't mind *that!*" beamed Miss Andover. "As long as it's Journalism. You see, I love to write. I just lo—"

"Well," said Mr. Parkthwaite loudly. "That's fine. I'm glad to hear it. That's really fine about your—about writing."

"Oh yes," said Miss Andover, standing in the doorway. "I'm crazy about it. I love it."

—I. T.

Newspaper Item: "Mrs. Lottie Prim was granted a divorce when she testified that since she and her husband were married he had spoken to her but three times. She was awarded the custody of their three children."

For the Girls

DEAR GIRLS:

I overheard this remark on the street sometime last week: "Either the women are very particular these days or the draft has taken all the men." I'm afraid many of you college girls will have reason to echo this statement before long because if the draft doesn't have all the men now it will have them

soon, and for two and a half years, too. This means that if you are a junior you may not even see another man of the right age until six months after you graduate. This would be an unpleasant statement to make if I did not know that every girl goes to college for an *education* and that men occupy only a very *minor* position in her life. Nevertheless it will be amusing to see the seasoned campus queens out for a cara-



"You can have this for half price, it's haunted!"



"Queerest looking bunch of freshmen I ever saw!"

meled apple with a Freshman boy or a kid brother.

THERE WILL be a number of changes in social customs. Girls will form the stag line or "doe line" as it has been aptly termed, and they will be expected to do the leading. Arthur Murray has put out a new book for this purpose but the procedure is really very simple. Merely reverse the position of the hands and do all the steps backwards. Girls will also ask for dates, make reservations, buy tickets, furnish cigarettes and arrange for transportation. They will pick the parking place on Willow Road, and if anyone says,

"Well, will you or won't you?" the woman will say it.

I predict a return of the good old taffy pull and quilting bee for those dull Saturday evenings when all the Freshman men and unregistered aliens are dated up. How the fudge kitchens will resound with merry laughter as

we girls keep the home fires burning!

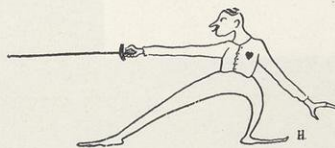
If you are inclined to be pessimistic about landing a man let me cheer you up with a few encouraging statistics. If you are a blonde or a redhead under twenty-one you have one chance in thirty, and if you are a brunette you have one chance in sixty. That is, assuming that you stay in college. If you decide to become a maid or waitress in an army camp, the chances are about twice as good.

Have a nice school year, girls!

Sincerely,

DOROTHY DICKS

—J. W.



HOW TO MAKE

or, Twelve No



So you're going to college! Good for you, my eager academician. Yes, you, standing in the back there. But remember, college isn't all fudge. No indeed. There are many pitfalls for the unwary Freshman, including the one on the corner of Langdon and Park, which is covered with twigs and looks very innocent. And we are here to help you get by them all and come out on top with a light heart and nothing worse than a broken rib or two to show for your journey.

You must *want* to make good in college. If you enter the University with a scowl on your face and dragging feet you will be off to a bad start. You must smile! Always smile! Say hello to everyone you meet. Try to make friends with everybody, even that dull looking grind who shares your room. Who knows? Perhaps he may turn out to be a big man on campus. Perhaps he may be able to lend you five dollars.



Don't be too ambitious at the beginning. Look before you leap into campus activities. For God's sake, don't let them talk you into being a Cardinal reporter if your I.Q. is over twenty. If it is you will not be a success at the job. And remember, you must make a choice. You can either be a successful student, with good grades and a permanent stoop; or a big time campus politician, with publicity and comps for Junior Prom. And we know which course you will follow, if you're smart.



D AT COLLEGE

Prepare Eggs



THE MOST important thing of all about making good in college is to *be* in college. We cannot stress the importance of this point too much, but we are going to try. Yes, surprising as the statement may look, to be a successful college student, you must first of all be a college student. After that comes success. *Think that over.*

CLOTHES are extremely important. Be sure you have some clothes. Nothing so marks the green and innocent Freshman as his lack of clothes. And be sure that everything you have on is clean. Socks worn more than three weeks may look all right, but they smell terrible. And can you be at your best when you know that?



NOW ABOUT social activities. Aren't you glad? You know, the friends you make during your school days will stay with you perhaps three weeks, if you're lucky. If you join a fraternity they will stay with you during rush week. Take this lesson to heart. It is easy to strike up acquaintances. Borrowing a cigarette, asking for some one's term paper, speaking to strange blondes, will get you a new companion, and also a good sock in the nose.

SO now, happy Freshman, you start your college career. These days are the most interesting you will ever know. Live every moment of them to the full. Be yourself. Don't be afraid to talk to your professors—they are just great big boys at heart. Don't worry too much about grades. It's not the marks you get, but the memories you carry with you that count. Yes, college is a wonderful place. We often wish we had gone ourselves.

—I. T.

Somewhere in New Jersey



WHEN Walter was drafted naturally I felt terrible. The night before he left we went out dancing and got very blue and

reminiscent and talked about sad things and I cried. He made the orchestra play 'Stardust' and we spent about an hour saying good-night and good-bye and when he left he said, "Wait for me," in a husky voice.

The next morning I got a phone call.

"Hello," I said sleepily. It was seven A. M.

"Hello," said Walter. "This is me." "Where are you?" I asked.

"In Pennsylvania station," he said. "Is that where the camp is?" I asked. "No," he said. "We're waiting for the train."

"Where are they sending you?" I asked.

"Well," he said. Then, in a very low voice, "I think—"

"I can't hear you," I said. "Talk louder."

"I can't," said Walter. "Someone might be listening. I said I think we're going to Camp Jackson."

"Who could be listening," I asked, irritated. "For goodness sake, where is that?"

"Oh, someplace," said Walter. "Yes,

I'll bring home the material."

"What?"

"I said 'I'll bring home the material,'" said Walter. "There was a suspicious looking man listening to me, and I said 'I'll bring home the material' so he wouldn't think I was telling you anything."

"What's the matter with you?" I asked him.

"You can't be too careful," he said. "I'll write. Goodbye."

THAT was only the beginning. The first letter he wrote to me he told me he was in Camp Jackson in Tennessee and it was warm. The next letter was about the movie he had seen the night before. The one after that was about a book he had read and hadn't liked. By the time he got home for his first furlough I was pretty mad.

"But I couldn't write," he explained. "We're not supposed to tell army secrets."

"I'm not asking you for the plans of a gun or anything," I said. "Just let me know what you're doing. Claire Potter's brother writes her all about the maneuvers and things."

"He should be more careful," said Walter, darkly.

Well, we had an argument that ended up by Walter calling me a spy and a Quisling and my telling him how dumb he was. I didn't see him again until last night home when he came over and sat on the porch humming in a sort of howling voice until my father told me to go out and get rid of him or he would write to the army morale officer and complain. I went out.

"Well?" I said coldly.

"Listen," he said. "I don't want to go back with you still mad. What do you want to know?"

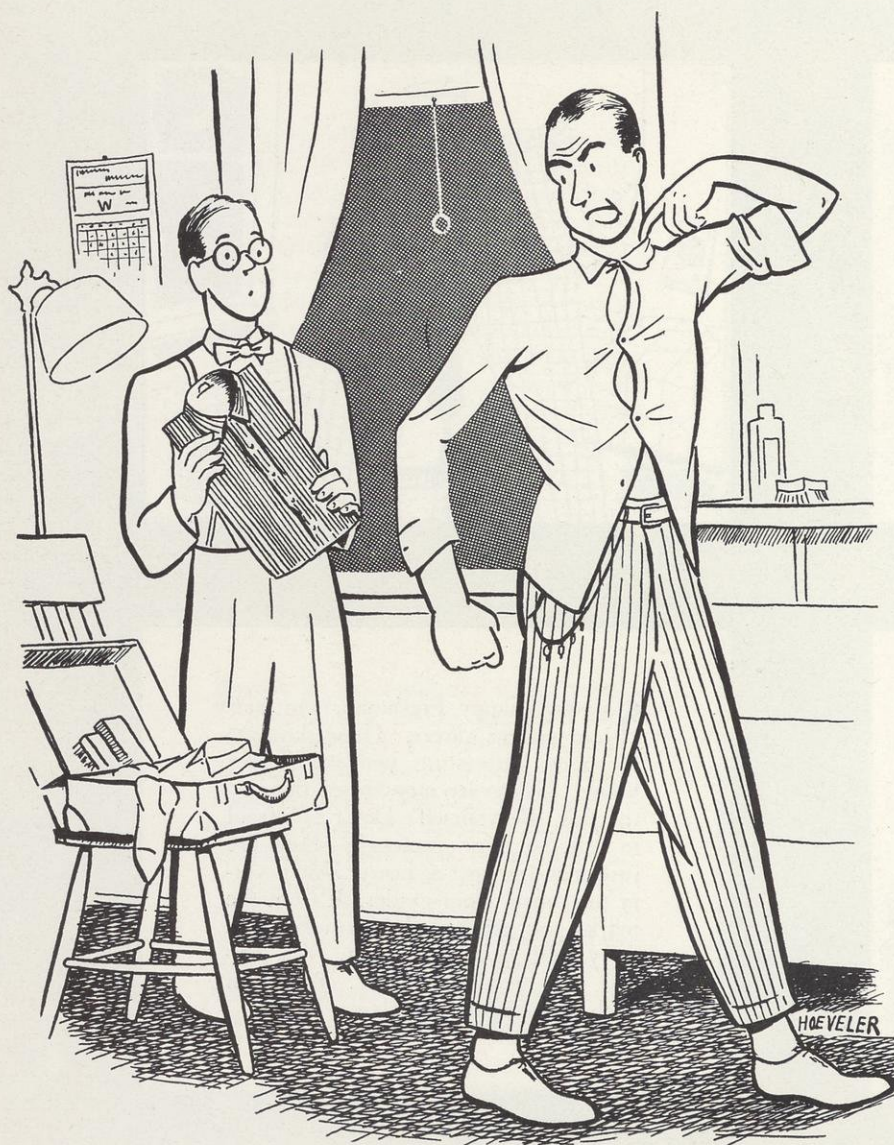
"I don't want to know anything," I said. "Don't be so childish."

"From now on," said Walter, "I'll write you everything. No more secrets."

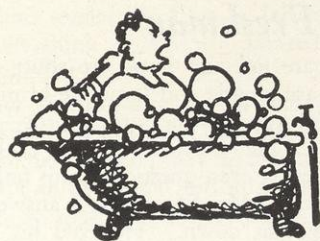
"Very kind of you," I said.

"Every detail," said Walter. "Gun measurements and all."

He did. His letters sounded like confidential reports from a General to his Commander-in-Chief. He wrote me how far he marched and where to and how much his pack weighed, how big the tanks were and what kind of gasoline they used. He didn't leave out a thing. I knew more about life and times of Camp Jackson than any other girl in the United States. He even sent



"I can see that you and I aren't going to be good roommates, Mertins!"



me a diagram of the improvement on his machine gun.

When he came back on leave everything was fine. Of course, he told me everything all over again, having nothing else to talk about, but I managed to stand it by concentrating on something else while he was talking. But after four days I began to weaken.

"Enough is too much," I said. "Can't we talk about something else?"

"I thought you were interested," he said. "Why don't you make up your mind?"

"I was interested," I answered. "But there are other things in life."

"You're pretty changeable," he said. "When are you going to grow up enough to make up your mind?"

So we had another fight. At the end he picked up his hat and started down the steps.

"Shall I burn your letters?" I asked. "Or sell them to some foreign power?"

"Now that you mention it," he said, "I made up everything in those letters. I haven't seen a gun since my first week in the army. They put me to work tabulating figures in the office. I don't even sleep in the barracks!"

THE next day I was in the middle of explaining to my father why I made a remark about the United States army being mentally probably the worst in the world when the phone rang. It was Walter. He was very contrite and appealing the way he can be when he wants to, and in about five minutes everything was patched up.

"I'll have to write and send you my new address," he said. "I'm being transferred to another camp."

"Where?" I asked.

"Oh, somewhere," he said. Then, whispering, "Somewhere in New Jersey."

"Ssh!" I hissed. "Someone might be listening."

"I just said 'Somewhere in New Jersey,'" he said. "But of course, you can't be too careful."

"No," I agreed. "No, you can't be too careful."

—I. T.

Among My Souvenirs



THE OTHER day I decided it was time I began enjoying my college memories. These I had conveniently packed in a large box that I got from the Co-op especially for that purpose.

I started treasuring my memories last fall when, during a fit of mellow academic bliss caused by my receiving an unexpected five dollars from home, I decided that it would be pretty sad when I graduated and left the old school forever and had nothing but a silly diploma to show for all my happy days in Madison. And what better way to keep happy memories forever alive than by keeping little souvenirs—like dance programs and football tickets—so that in later and less joyful days I could take them out and live again my carefree university days? At the time there seemed no better way. Now, after looking over my little mementoes, I feel that there must be. This method is one big flop.

I had quite some trouble opening the box, having tied it with several large ropes and pieces of wire. When I finally wrenched it open, breaking three nails in the process, a red scarf fell out. It certainly isn't my scarf, and I don't like the way it looks. It is starting to mould and has something that looks like pea soup spilled on it. I never eat pea soup, so it couldn't be mine. I kicked it into a corner and took out the next happy souvenir, which was a piece of soggy cardboard with, "Rm. 20 Bleaker. Please, please do this tomorrow!" written on it. What

it means I couldn't say. I don't know anyone named Bleaker, or anything named Bleaker. Whatever it was I had to do, I hope I did it. Maybe it was about that twelfth cut in English.

The next thing in the box were my ice-skates with a dirty sock stuck into one of them. I don't know what I could have been thinking of when I put the skates in because I remember looking for them all winter and even accusing my room-mate of stealing them. Dangling from one of the blades were three dance programs. One of them was all stuck together with chewing gum. The second had, "That goes double for me babe, George," written on the cover. The third was from Junior Prom, which I didn't go to.

THE next ten or twelve souvenirs were too silly to even talk about. Toothpicks, paper napkins, pieces of ribbon, splinters of wood—none of which brought any memories, to say nothing of happy ones, to my mind. There was a page from the Cardinal, carefully folded, with a story about the cattle show at Ag hall outlined in red crayon. That scared me a little.

In fact, after going through the whole box, there is only one article that can be truthfully considered a souvenir at all. Even that makes me feel ill and not joyful. It is a piece of pink blotter. On it are some mathematical calculations, the idea of which is to illustrate that five times four plus six equal twenty-six. It seems that I had, after fruitless hours of arguing with my harassed advisor, gone tearfully to the Dean with my plea for no more French.

"I had enough French," I remember telling him hysterically, "I *must* have had enough French. It's impossible for me to take any more."

"You need six more credits of French," the Dean told me. "You have only twenty-six. And don't cry. That doesn't help."

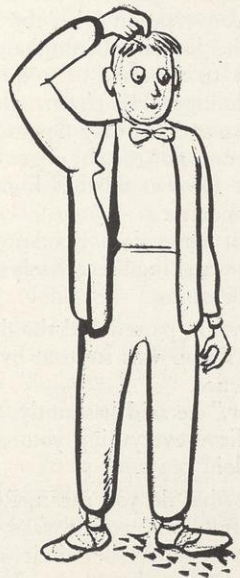
"I must have more than twenty-six," I argued. "I know I have."

"But you haven't!" roared the Dean. "Do you think I'm a moron? I know how much French you have."

I sobbed.

It was at this point that the Dean tore off a piece of his blotter, and muttering, showed me how five times four plus six equals twenty-six. We parted in bitter silence and I took my six more credits of French. I did very badly in it too, as I see by my souvenir grade-point report.

THESE are my souvenirs. If they bring such throngs of memories flocking



to my mind now, what effect will they have thirty years from now? The possibilities are staggering. I quietly gathered everything together and threw it all back into the box. Everything, that is, except the red scarf. I still don't know whose it is, but if anyone has lost a red scarf with pea soup or mud or dried glue or something on it, it is in a corner in my cellar.

—I. T.

Back to the Fold, Black Sheep

SING hi for the peaks of Wyoming!
Sing ho for the mountains of
Maine!

But I'll trade for the drunks
And the dumb college punks
And never go back there again.

I spent a few days at the ocean
Watching the billowy tides,
But I'll trade you the suds
On a couple of Buds
And pay for the popcorn besides.

I spent several weeks in New England
Where the New England consciences
grow
And never an oath
For a month did I quoth
—But the strain was beginning to
show.

I retired each night at ten-thirty
For three or four weeks—maybe more
But I want to go back
To my Langdon Street shack
And not go to bed before four.

I drove the family jallopy
Safely for two thousand miles,
But a two dollar ticket
From a cop in a thicket
Would excite my cheeriest smiles.

I spent a few weeks at a scout camp
And learned the outdoors inside out,
And now I am sure
That a life clean and pure
Is a wonderful life—for a scout.

And so I am anxiously waiting
For the day registrations begin.
Summer's fine, I concur,
But I really prefer
To be leading the old life of sin.

—J. W.

The moon was high
The road was dark
A perfect place to stop and park
He gave a curse
He gave a groan
He gave a grunt—he was alone.

—Pup Tent

What Every Young Freshman

This excerpt from the Freshman Handbook will be very helpful to all members of the class of '45 for it contains facts that every young Freshman (and especially Freshwoman) should know about the University of Wisconsin. Rah! Rah! Rah!—Ed. Note.



ERAB SIPPILING's full name is Rerab Pohs Sippling; Rerab Pohs because he was almost born in a barber shop. Sippling because that was his Current Father's last name and almost in a barber shop because Mr. Sippling was a barber, and Rerab was born in the flat above his place of business.

Mr. Sippling began Rerab's social education early. After supper they used to saunter up and down the city streets, Mr. Sippling suave and dapper in checks or tweeds, Rerab strutting beside him and sporting at the age of ten, long trousers and a gray fedora.

Mr. Sippling was an authority on feminine pulchritude. "There are various types of girls' legs, son," he would say, "but principally they fall into two classes: the long thin, smooth Babe Didrickson variety and the bottle-neck variety with the plump, lush calf and the slim trim ankle."

Faces he catalogued, too, and he also had a fund of other uncatalogued, though valuable information.

"Stay here, Rerab," he often said, "and watch an old hand," and he would wander over to a cluster of girls underneath a street light, and, after asking for the time or inquiring the direction to some building, or politely borrowing a match he would strike up a lively conversation with the prettiest girl in the lot and triumphantly lead her away to a movie or a quiet little cocktail lounge. His charm was in his courtliness and his easy flowing patter. There were no rough edges to Mr. Sippling. He was what is known as a smooth operator.

Over in some dark doorway, Rerab would be watching breathlessly—watching and learning.

THREE YEARS passed and the day came when Rerab was smitten by a pang of conscience.

"Father," he said hesitantly, "do you really believe everything you say to all those girls?"

"Why what do you mean, Rerab?"

"I mean—well, you always use the same words about their hair and eyes and things like that and— I mean—

some are tall and some are short and some are blonde and some are brunette and yet you use the same words—I mean." He finished lamely, half ashamed of even questioning his father.

"Rerab," Mr. Sippling answered sternly, "sit down." He eyed his son like a professor who has just found that his star pupil has mongoloid tendencies.

"I see you haven't learned even the rudiments. Now, the first thing to know is that a smooth operator like me (or like you'll be some day) can take the same words and use them on a hundred different girls and every one of them will think those words were tailor-made especially to fit her. That's a line, son, and a line is elastic, like a

Lastex bathing suit. A girl can take it and stretch it and turn it and twist it and wriggle into it and never guess that it would probably fit her heftiest friend. That's the first thing to remember. The second is that girls can hand it back just as fast as you can dish it out. They're trying to kid you, too. And, the third thing is that there is no such thing as love.

Rerab repeated the three rules to himself. "Thank you, father," he said.

Soon after Mr. Sippling slipped away and was no longer Rerab's Current Father. The son decided it was time to carry on the grand old family tradition. He found it wasn't so hard as he acquired more and more proficiency and fluency; the stream of his girl acquaintances grew to the proportion of a good-sized river.

He called them all darling, and he thought he did it convincingly. He held their hands and said they were lovely and that the nails were beautifully formed. He looked into their eyes and said they were deep and luminous. He stroked their hair and said the sheen was wonderful.

One summer he met a girl who was a little more lovely, a little more luminous, a little more wonderful than all the rest. He told her so, and added superlatives to his adjectives. Also, she handed it back better than the rank and file. It made his heart pound a lit-



tle and sometimes after he left her he would think of her. It amazed him and he felt good.

But the summer passed and Rerab pursued his course. The girl drifted away to nowhere, leaving not a trace, except an occasional perfumed memory.

Rerab told some of the other smooth operators about her over a cigarette in one of the quiet little cocktail lounges they had visited so often together. He smiled a little sourly as he finished his tale. What can be the matter with me, he thought.

"Did it ever occur to you that she might have meant it?" said one.

"Naw, she was just handing it back as fast as I handed it out," said Rerab, thinking of his father and the Three Rules. "People don't mean it."

"Sometimes people do."

"No."

"Yes. Did you ever think you might have been in love?"

"There's no such thing."

"Yes."

REBRAB's whole scheme of things had received a terrific jolt. It couldn't be that he—? and as for she—? He made a feeble attempt to right his universe once again.

"Naw," he said. "They don't. You can't kid me."

"Yes," repeated his friend slowly. "It's true. And I think from all the symptoms that you and she—you and her—you and this girl!"

"My God," said Rebrab, suddenly realizing, suddenly aghast. "My God!"

QUESTIONS

1. Rebrab is the type of (a) doubting Thomas type (b) college man type?

2. College men are hard/easy to convince?

3. Define "line" and "smooth operator."

4. Do you think the draft will affect you much?

—J. W.



Freshman Handbook Addenda



RY THIS TIME all the freshmen will have read their ninety-one page handbooks from cover to cover. And they may possibly feel that they are equipped with enough admonitions and pearls of wisdom to last them for at least four years of University life.

However, imperfect as all man-made things are, there is vital knowledge which has been omitted from the handbook. Despite the loving care and the patient toil of Some Of The Finest Faculty Intellectuals, some aspects of student life have been neglected.

Anxious that no freshman fall by the wayside because of lack of information, *Octopus* is fervently happy to set new students aright.

HEREWITH are words of wisdom which every clear-thinking freshman will want to memorize or at least paste inside his memory book:

A Personal Message From The Dean—After reading the first few thousand words of this section of the Handbook you realize that the Dean's office is just itching for you to come in and solve some of your problems. Too few freshmen will do this except as a command performance. A word of caution though: when you see the Dean address his as Dean Goodnight or, simply, as Most Noble Sir Dean. Wait until your senior year before you essay to call him "Scottie." And never, never call him "Squatty."

Finances—Most students tend to attach too much importance to this item. But, to coin a phrase, money isn't everything. So, for certain students, of which you may be one, we have compiled a special budget. The handbook lists \$440 as the "low" for budgets.

Our Budget Board, however, offers you the following suggested list of expenditures:*

"LITTLE DAISY" BUDGET (No. 6-005-B)	
Room rent (Sleep in the Union) bribe for the janitor at 25c per week...	\$ 9.00
Board (Lunch only: you can whip up late suppers and early breakfasts for yourself in the Union kitchens)	5.40
Laundry (Using Oxydol and a wash basin)	1.26
Sundry personal expenses:	
Beer	37.80
Cokes	25.20
Cigarettes	37.80
Toothpaste, etc.	.59
Miscellaneous	100.00
Fees and tuition (Subject to violent annual changes)	97.00
Textbooks (Classmates will be happy to let you use many of theirs)	5.00
Total	\$319.05

* NOTE—The Handbook does not include figures for clothing, railroad fare, etc. However, you may already have a little clothing and you can hitchhike. We don't know what the "etc." means but you're old enough to figure out a few things for yourself.

It may readily be seen that our plan saves the student at least \$120.95. Don't even thank us. We're glad to do it.

Student Publications—*The Wisconsin Octopus*, an illustrated humorous monthly will have a special conducted tour of its offices throughout the first



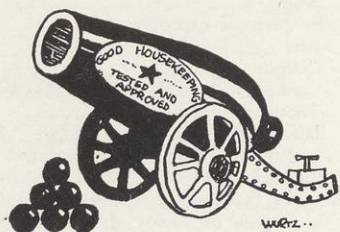
month of school. The tour may be taken at any time of the day and the guide can be recognized by the characteristic lavender and gold shawl which he will be wearing. Here the student may learn what turns the wheels of the Foremost Campus Publication. The tour is a conducted one in the best interests of freshmen. Last year while going through the offices alone a freshman became lost. He sat down at a table and all during the first semester he sat licking stamps for us. When the Dean learned of this the student was forced to withdraw from school for violation of eligibility rules. We want no recurrence of this unfortunate incident.

There will be no fixed charge for the tour. However, a bucket will be left at the door for*voluntary silver offerings. Needless to say, students under five or accompanied by parents, will

be admitted free.

Advisers—Each student is assigned to a member of the faculty who acts as his adviser. Note carefully the name of your adviser. You will see him again when you register for the second semester.

Examinations and Grades—Don't take these details too seriously. Faculty fuddy-duddies place undue emphasis



on this drab part of University life. Play around for a semester and you'll see what we mean. Perhaps Education is over-rated anyhow.

Social Functions—Freshmen should devote a reasonable share of their time to social activities. But this year "reasonable time" will be less for University women than it has been other years. There are two major reasons. Beauticians are going into better paid defense industries. Coed's hair and faces will be appearing in the raw and the ghastly truth will be known at last. Second, army camps and cantonments have claimed much of the coeds finest quarry. This year they will have 86% of their dates with mere striplings, or at worst, engineers.

Scholarship, A Parting Word—What ever else may be considered, Study is your principal occupation in college. Your personal satisfaction and pleasure will be in direct ratio to your academic achievement. In preparing your study schedule ten hours of serious concentration per day should be sufficient. At the end of four years a well-earned degree will be yours, and the young women will become wives and the young men will enter upon a career of government service.

—L. L.

"Where did you get that black eye?"

"In the war."

"What war?"

"The Boudoir."

—Exchange

"My wives are waiting up for me," said the Sultan. "I can harem a mile away."

"You may be the big mogul to these other klucks," said the favorite, "but you can't get in-Sultan with me."

Want an A in Economics?

"Economics is often a bewildering subject to both student and layman. If its presentation consists largely of a body of abstract principles, the subject is apt to seem remote from the world of economic reality, which is already more or less familiar to the reader. If the treatment consists chiefly of a description of economic life . . . it may easily become confusing because of the wealth of available material and the absence of unifying principles."

W. H. KIEKHOFFER

IN THE face of the dilemma which Professor Kiekhofer so ably describes, the beginning student of economics may well quail and wish himself back in Spanish 1.

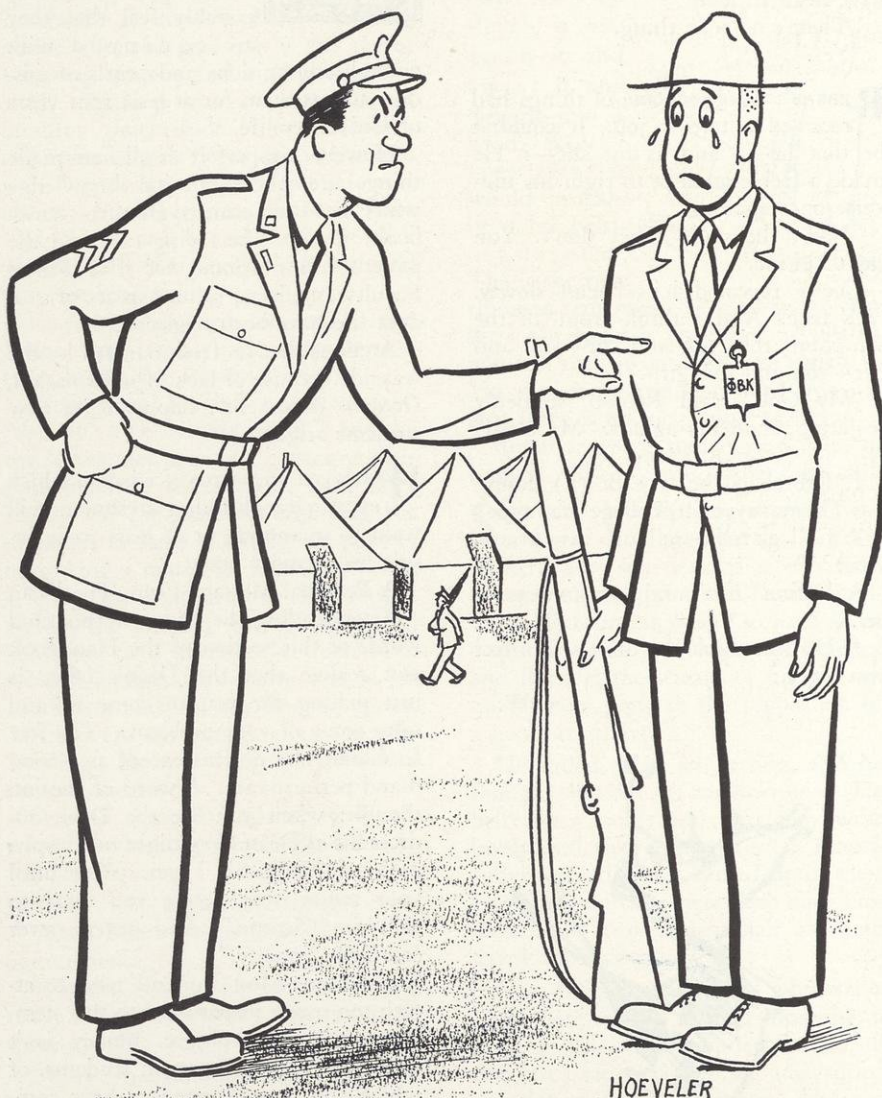
Octopus, ever the knight in white armor, has finally decided to *do* something about the situation. For the truth of the matter is, *anybody* can get an A in economics. We mean *anybody*.

We are revealing the little touchstone to success absolutely free, though it is easily worth fifty or a hundred times the cost of an Octopus subscription. This is just a little bonus we try

to give all our devoted admirers every year.

Well, you're going to see a lot of awful balderdash soon—about factors and functions of production, functioning of the market in the determination of commodity prices, qualitative analysis of demand as a price-determining factor, cost of production as a specific determinant of supply, and all the business marginality and so on and on.

Now you know right well you're not going to read all that stuff. So what are you going to do—flunk the course?



"That stuff doesn't go around here, Mr. Gooseman!"

No. Here is what you are going to do: you are going to say "*Ceteris Paribus*" and "*Pari Passu*" and "*John Maynard Keynes*." Then you'll be a lead-pipe cinch for an A. Or a B plus, at least.

We'd better give you a little more

information about how to use these wonderful phrases.

FIRST, *ceteris paribus*. When you have your weekly writtens, you should be smooth and write this as *cet. par.* Thus, you write: "If it rains, the wheat will grow, *cet. par.*" Now, once upon

a time, *cet. par.* meant only "other conditions being equal" in Latin, but with the years it has acquired rich colorations and connotations.

Thus, your statement, "If it rains, the wheat will grow, *cet. par.*," shows that you have brooded over the econ-

In the Editor's Brown Study

Freshman Time Again

WE WERE a freshman once ourselves but we didn't like it.

That's right, we didn't like it. It made us sick. It made us damn sick being bullied into buying a Cardinal subscription, being plagued with virtuous advice lifted from the Boy Scout Manual by Scotty Goodnight, and being shoved from one disinterested advisor to another. We were plenty mad by the time Freshman Week was over, but we were lonesome, too. It's hard to say what would have become of us if we hadn't stumbled into the palatial offices of the OCTOPUS when we did.

The editor was pretty nice to us. He let us sleep on the copy desk and taught us how to smoke a pipe. It wasn't long before the playful cameraderie which took place every afternoon between two ex-minstrel men in the palatial suite effected us. We forgot the bitterness of Freshman Week, and with the other Young Artists and Writers embraced the Real University Life which OCTY revealed to us.

Yes, we had it tough as a freshman but that's over for us. We could sit in our swivel chair behind the massive (mahogany) desk and watch this year's freshmen go through the mill without lifting a hand. But we won't. We'll tip them off. We'll tell them how to get free coffee in the Rathskeller (carry a cup in your pocket and simply go up for refills) so they can get back that raise in fees. We'll show them how to laugh at the ego-bloated campus politicians and how to recognize the comp-grubbing grafters. We'll help them dodge Saturday classes and help them interpret the poor English and typographical errors of the Cardinal. Lastly, if things get *too* grim we'll tell them the puns on Scotty's name.

We'll do all this for the freshmen gratis simply because we like to see the young people enjoy them-

selves.

And anyway, we've a soft spot in our heart for freshmen. We like to have them around.

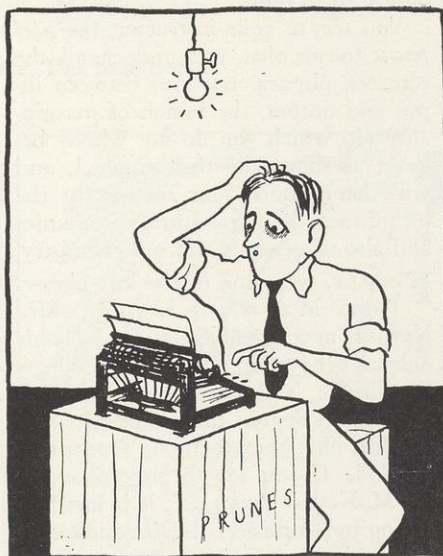
As a matter of fact this seems like a good chance to invite you freshmen up to the lavishly-furnished suite on the third floor of the Union to shake hands with OCTY and ride the pet crocodile. There's no sense in staying away 'cause OCTY is bound to like you. If you can draw a picture, write a story, pound a typewriter, sell ads, or lick stamps you're as good as hired. Drop in, we won't hurt you!

Maybe we'd better make that definite—say, Open House for all freshmen on Monday, September 29, in the OCTY offices.

FINALLY, a word about this issue. It's quite a job to put a humor magazine together in the heat of the summer—especially when every mail threatens to send you packing off to an army camp. But it is doubtful whether any editor ever offered his freshman a better magazine. The editor is gratified with the material that came in answer to his

pleas from contributors scattered in the four corners of the earth. Joan Withington posted her dandy stories from various towns in New Hampshire. Irene Trepel's work came in from the far east covered with exotic stamps. Our little brother was as happy to get the stamps as we were to get the stories. And there were a lot of them, too. From Sidney, Australia, an old OCTY great, Len Silk, sent two nice stories which we thought first rate. Lars Larson, who spent the summer at Stoughton perfecting a supercharger for the navy's new Allison airplane engine, found time to write sev-

eral fine stories and articles. Thanks a lot, Lars. George Hoeveler sent his drawings in done on envelope flaps which made things tough for the engraver but we liked them anyway. —E. M.



omic theories of the masters, have seen all sides of the present problem in terms of a broad frame of reference, and realize that the rains may rain to excess, that the seven-year locusts may descend upon the fields and destroy the wheat in spite of the rains, that the complicated international situation may culminate with Panzer divisions sweeping through our middle Western wheat land, that fascist saboteurs may burn the crops, etc.

You see, some fools will try to tell you that the secret of success in economics is in saying supply and demand, demand and supply, supply and supply, demand and demand—but this is useful only if you throw in *cet. par.* Example: "In the boot and shoe industry, supply equals demand, *cet. par.*" Now, to your instructor, the insertion of that *cet. par.* will indicate that you have read Edward Chamberlin's "Theory of Monopolistic Competition," Joan Robinson's "Theory of Imperfect Competition," and many other books that you would not be found dead with, and that you therefore realize that in the boot and shoe industry, supply and demand may not be equal at all, if factories are located in such and such places, if the population set-up is this way or that, if the producing firms are behaving as competing monopolists or oligopolists and are limiting output and raising price, and many other fascinating "ifs" that you will never worry your pretty little heads about.

SECONDLY, we take up *pari passu*. This dandy phrase, which we always thought would make a swell title for a recording by Cab Calloway, means "step by step" or something like that. We'll quote from John Maynard Keynes, whom we'll take up personally a little later, to show you how the great Keynes uses it: "Employment can only increase *pari passu* with an increase in investment; unless, indeed, there is a change in the propensity to consume."

Catch on? Keynesie means that every time you give a stroke on the old bicycle pump of investment, the inner tube of employment bulges just that much more. Now we'll all try it ourselves. Let's go back to our original statement: "If it rains, the wheat will grow." We then made this: "If it rains, the wheat will grow, *cet. par.*" We now make it: "If it rains, the wheat,



cet. par., will grow, *pari passu*."

At first this may seem a trifle strange to the lay reader. There is even a case to be made against the proposition on biological grounds, for some may contend that the wheat does not necessarily grow so much in proportion with each addition of a drop of rain. But you can dispose of that objection very easily with your *ceteris paribus*. And in just a moment we'll explain how to make the sentence absolutely air-tight, so that you will never be ashamed of its lyric quality, its pure poetry of scientific truth linked with artful, economical expression.

You see, to your instructor, the *pari passu* means that you understand the complex physical relations between input and output, the fiction of marginality (in which you do not wholly believe, as shown by the *cet. par.*), and will demonstrate your interest in the techniques of agricultural economics and also of genetics and soil chemistry.

FINALLY, we come to the last phrase, "John Maynard Keynes." Mr. Keynes (never Dr. Keynes, for he holds only a fellowship at King's College, Cambridge, and never bothered with his doctor's degree, that beautiful, beautiful man) is known among economists as God. If you say to an economist: "J. M. Keynes says . . .", it is just like saying to a minister, "In Ecclesiastes, 3, 15, we find it is written . . ."

To your instructor the mention of Keynes name, with a purported quotation following, will mean that you have struggled with the marginal propensity to consume, the multiplier, the

marginal efficiency of capital, the theory of prices, and many more gorgeous questions. Don't be frightened, because you are not supposed to have understood any of these, anyhow. Your instructor hasn't. Sometimes it even appears that Keynes hasn't. The important thing is that you have struggled.

By the bye, if you are ever left alone with your instructor, you can undoubtedly thrill him to tears by informing him that Keynes married a ballet dancer. Say: "Yep, she was one of the great stars in the world. A star in the Russian ballet, with Nijinsky."

So we have at last arrived at the super-climax of our treatment of economic fact. Here it is: "According to John Maynard Keynes, if it rains, the wheat, *cet. par.*, will grow *pari passu*." Of course, anyone of the phrases will usually do the trick, and you should use all three together only at crucial moments.

WRAP us up another A, Joe. To take out.

—L. S. SILK



A bashful young darky had not the courage to pop the question. Finally, one Saturday night, he said:

"Julia, yo' remembers that I was heah Monday night?"

"Yes," Julia replied.

"An' dat I was heah Wednesday and Thursday?"

"Yes."

"And once mo' on Friday and again las' night?"

"Sho' yo was."

"An' I is heah tonight?"

"Yo sho' is."

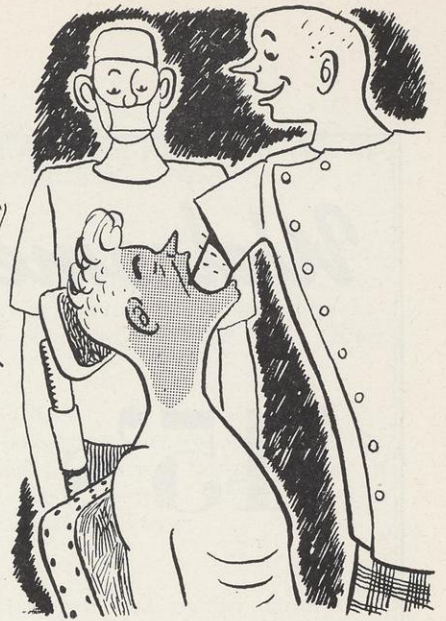
At last in desperation, he burst out with, "Say woman, doesn't yo' smell a rat?"

A Scot was engaged in an argument with a conductor as to whether the fare was 5 or 10 cents. Finally the disgusted conductor picked up the Scotchman's suitcase and tossed it off the train, just as they were passing over a bridge. It landed with a splash.

"Mon," screamed Sandy, "isn't it enough to try to overcharge me, but now you drown my little boy?"

STUDENT HEALTH

MR. Elmer Plunkett, Freshman
YOU ARE REQUESTED TO
PRESENT YOURSELF AT
THE STUDENT CLINIC ON
Sept. 27, 1944 AT 3:00 P.M.
FOR A COMPLETE PHYSICAL
EXAMINATION.



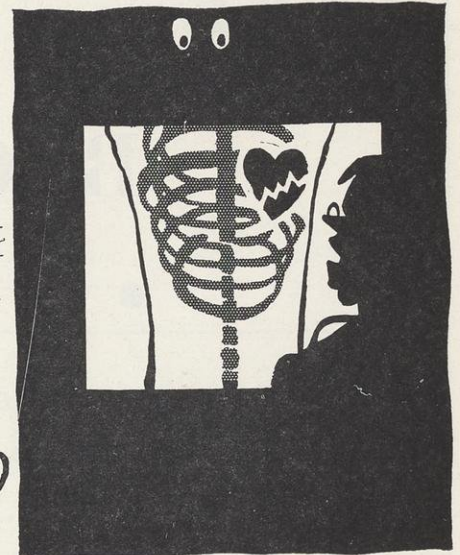
The Summons

"Ever had thrombosis of
the liver?"

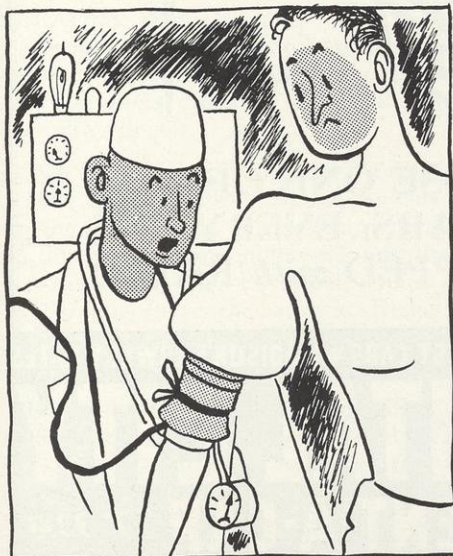
"Everything seems to be in
order here!"



"Excuse me, please, I'm new here."



"Was she a blonde?"



"How much insurance do
you carry?"



"Let's try that again!"



"May I take this home and bring
it back later?"

Welcome
'45's



SAVE
on
BOOKS

... where *thousands* of new
and used books are avail-
able at low prices ... plus
5% rebate checks ... the
friendly store where the
students get a break ...

STUDENT
BOOK EXCHANGE

Incorporated

712 STATE STREET

nearest the campus

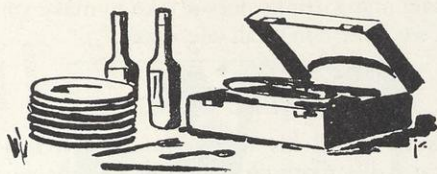
STEP OUT IN
STYLE!



CHOOSE ONE OF OUR
1941 CARS. EVERY ONE
EQUIPPED *with* RADIO

MADISON'S FINEST CARS • MADISON'S LOWEST RATES

CAPITAL CITY
531 State RENT-A-CAR F. 334



According to the Records

THAT'S HOW I GOT MY START

Of course we like this one; who wouldn't when it is sung by the lovely Bea Wain. The reverse, *Kiss the Boys Good-bye*, again features the vocalist and carries some pretty snappy lyrics that you'll like. *Victor*.

WABASH CANNON BALL

Terry Shand warbles this one and gives a very smooth account of himself. Discmate, *K-K-K-Katy*, sounds good with Terry singing and his orchestra frolics in the background. In fact, the orchestrations for both tunes are swell. *Decca*.

BLUE CHAMPAGNE

Along with, *All Alone and Lonely*, on the backside makes a dandy record when sung by J. Dorsey's vocalist Bob Eberly. Neither tune is jazzed up so this is just the dish for those who like their music sweet. *Decca*.

BRAZILIAN NUTS

Like the Mills Brothers? We do and we'll fight anybody who says they aren't first rate on this disc. *I Yi Yi Yi Amigo*, on the B side has already improved our South American relations and will do the same for yours. Si Si! *Decca*.

CHOCOLATE

Boogie-woogie, woogie, woogie! Yep, it's the boogie-woogie boy Jimmie Lunceford and his orchestra beating out this hot Erskine Butterfield tune. Besides being fine boogie-woogie it's easy to dance to. *Battleaxe*, in the same rhythm is a disc you'll have to hear to appreciate. *Decca*.

SONG OF THE ISLANDS

An instrumental by the Decca Salon Orchestra and very pleasant to hear. You'll want this for your library for its a record you won't tire of. *Aloha Oe (Farewell to Thee)* is another fine rendition, traditional but beautiful. *Decca*.

PARADISE ISLE

For our money Bing Crosby is always good. We're sure you'll agree when you've heard him with this song. *Aloha Kuu Ipo Aloha*, discmate, is a bit too slow and sultry for us but still creditable. *Decca*.

LOVE SENDS A LITTLE GIFT OF ROSES

Mert Curtis handles the vocal for Guy Lombardo in this waxing and turns in an excellent performance. The orchestra fills in with some mighty fine instrumental work in the best Lombardo style. Ray Noble's tune, *Love is the Sweetest Thing*, is cut on the backside. Kenny Gardner's singing gives it a new charm. *Decca*.

TOWN TATTLER

Larry Clinton adapted this from Bizet's "Farandole" and made a very danceable fox trot of it. The orchestra has a fine workout and really impressed us. *Tempus Fugit*, on the backside, is meritorious work. *Victor*.

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH

Johnny Long and his orchestra pound this out and Paul

Harmon throws in the lyric but the result is still mediocre. *Indiana*, the B tune, is strictly that. *Decca*.

WHERE YOU ARE

Is one of the prettiest waxings we've heard in a coon's age. Dinah Shore with her soft and throaty singing makes this a fine thing for a rainy afternoon. *Mocking Bird Lament*, again with Dinah Shore, will get your vote. *Bluebird*.

WHAT IS THERE TO SAY

Artie Shaw and his boys show there wares in this one and we'll wager there will be plenty of takers. *Prelude in C Major* is a bit stiff but there's plenty of Artie's clarinet to listen to so the disc is palatable. *Victor*.

I, YI, YI, YI, YI

It's the Andrews Sisters again and another dandy tune. If this isn't in your record collection you haven't got a record collection. We put in a new needle and played, *In Apple Blossom Time*, twice. It's that good. *Decca*.

I'M STILL WITHOUT A SWEETHEART

The Inkspots have done some pretty fine things along the line but this tune we felt was not up to their usual standard. It's good all right but not good for the Inkspots. *So Sorry*, the B tune, is creditable and that's about all. *Decca*.

ON THE BOULEVARD

Guy Lombardo is superb in his tinkling rendition of this tune. Kenny Gardner and the trio toss the lyrics around in a way that you'll like. That old standby, *My Gal Sal*, is

PERK UP!



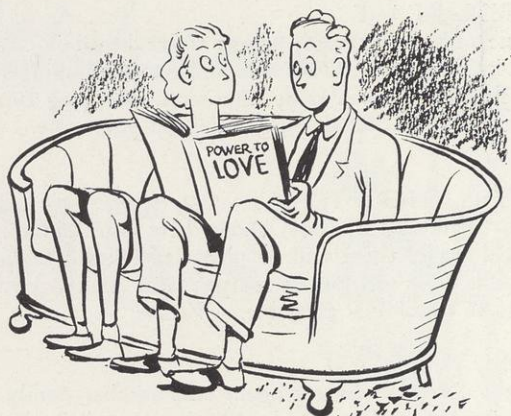
at

LOHMAIER'S

710 State Street

"A Wisconsin Tradition"

cast on the reverse and it's quite refreshing to hear it done in the smooth Lombardo manner. *Decca.*



Chemistry Prof.: Gentlemen, this experiment went wrong. I freely admit it. The error was not due to my assistants setting out faulty apparatus, impure chemicals, or dirty equipment. There was not too much static in the air or too little moisture in the ground, nor are the *gamma* rays from the lab upstairs affecting the reaction. It is just that my technique is no good. I am a lousy experimenter.

"James, is my wife dressed?"

"No, sir."

"You're fired!"

TOUGH GUY

Reformer—Young man, you must conquer yourself. Why, I conquered myself when I was about your age.

Young Man—Well, I'm a harder man to lick than you are.

BUGS

Professor—"Name the five most common bugs."

Stude—"June, jitter, lady, bed, and hum."

CLOSE DECISION

Urchin: "Look at the boid in the tree!"

Lady: "That's not a boid—it's a *bird*."

Urchin: "Well, it's got wings like a boid."

Don't Forget—

TONY'S
W. S. P. G.

"FOR FUN AND FRIENDS"

734 WEST WASHINGTON



He: "How many drinks does it take to make you dizzy?"

She: "Two, and don't call me dizzy."

WELL DONE

Mr. Suburb kissed his wife a fond farewell as he was about to catch his morning bus. But, for the first time in five years, he missed it. Thinking to surprise his spouse, he tiptoed into the kitchen, and implanted a tender kiss on the back of her neck as she was washing the dishes.

"Good morning," she said, "I'll have two bottles of milk and a pint of cream."

"Ah," said the customs officer, finding a bottle of White Horse. "I thought you said there were only old clothes in that trunk?"

"Aye, that's my nightcap."

BIG STUFF

Freshman—I've got a date tonight with a chiffonier.

Senior—Don't be silly. A chiffonier is a big thing with drawers.

Freshman—That's right.

Co-ed: "Jack, are you sure it is me you are in love with, and not my clothes?"

Jack: "Test me, darling."

Waiter Bernard Ebbing—Will you have pie, sir?

Ralph Faassen—Is it customary?

Waiter Ebbing—No, it's huckleberry.

Said the bartender to the cigarette, "You're lit."

Said the cigarette to the bartender, "Put me out before I make an ash of myself!"

French Sentry: "Halt! Who goes there?"

Voice: "American."

Sentry: "Advance and recite the 'Star-Spangled Banner'."

Voice: "I don't know it."

Sentry: "Proceed, American."

And then one day she turned and saw that he was smiling at her! She smiled back at him! No, he didn't turn away, he didn't disappear—he looked at her more intently than before!

"Smile like that again," he said.

She blushed and dimpled. And he laughed and laughed. "Just as I thought," he said. "You look like a chipmunk."

"Have some peanuts?"

"Thanks."

"Want to neck?"

"No."

"Give me my peanuts back."

I'm just a modest little girl—

I don't smoke or drink,

Or even dare to sit at night

Upon the river's brink—

So my parents think.



PERSONAL and business correspondence that evidences good taste and good manners—can be carried on with the aid of our fine stationery.

A large selection of stock, fine inks, and individual design will help you to decide smartly here.



Campus Publishing Company

823 UNIVERSITY AVENUE
Telephone Badger 1137

*"I like Tangee
Red-Red because ...*

**It knows its Place and
Stays There!"**

—was the prize-winning entry of Miss Shirley Robbins, University of Washington Co-ed, in Tangee Red-Red's College "Ad-Writing Contest"



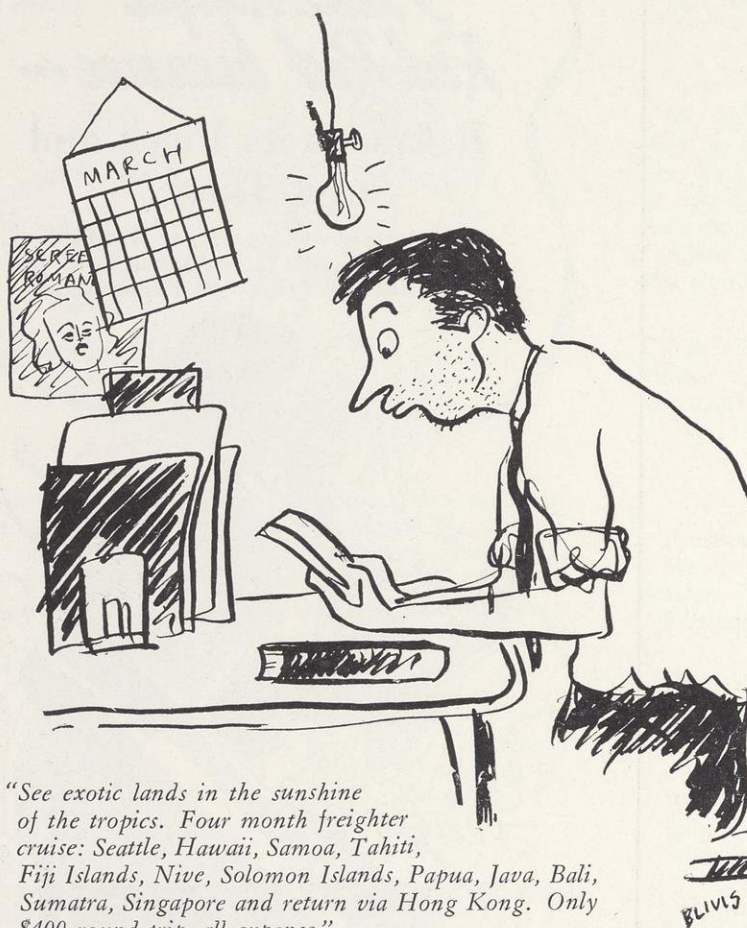
YES, indeed, thanks to the famous pure cream base Tangee RED-RED *really stays on*—softly, smoothly for longer than you'd believe possible.

And how the pure, clear RED-RED shade glorifies your lips!...blending with your complexion and your clothes.

Try this newest and truest of reds. Ask for Tangee RED-RED Lipstick and Rouge...and for Tangee's flattering, clinging—*un-powdery*—Face Powder as well.

TANGEE
Red-Red

RAREST, LOVELIEST RED OF THEM ALL



"See exotic lands in the sunshine of the tropics. Four month freighter cruise: Seattle, Hawaii, Samoa, Tahiti, Fiji Islands, Nive, Solomon Islands, Papua, Java, Bali, Sumatra, Singapore and return via Hong Kong. Only \$400 round trip, all expense."

A Russian was being led to execution by a squad of Bolshevik soldiers one rainy morning.

"What brutes you Bolsheviks are," grumbled the doomed one, "to march me through the rain like this."

"How about us," retorted one of the squad, "we have to march back."

"Why is it that you go steady with her?"

"Oh, she's different from other girls."

"How's that?"

"Well, she'll go with me."

"Darling, would you like to marry a man with one eye?"

"Certainly not."

"Then let me have the umbrella."

Women are a funny race,
They curl their hair and paint their face.

They change their styles so often that
Last year's hat is *not* a hat.
They sleep all A. M., dance all P. M.
Go to games but never see 'em.
They spend the stuff so *very* well,
The bills mount up—but what the hell.
Yet man is too a funny race
He pays for all this goddam waste.

All hail the little patriot
Who shouts, "Set Europe free!"
He's just been classified, I hear
In Draft Board Group 4-D.

"Now," said the prof., "pass all your papers to the end of the row. Have a sheet of carbon paper under each one so I can correct all the mistakes at once."

LUSH BLUE...

...Sup and sip under
Neon twilight

...Genuine Italian
spaghetti a special-
ty

...Beverages to suit
the moods

...Spacious — with a
Cozy Air

...Make it—

Di Salvo's SPAGHETTI HOUSE

810 Regent

It was a lonely country road on a balmy moonlit night. Suddenly without any warning the car came to a stop.

She—"Now if you are going to pull that one about the gas—"

He—"Nothing of the kind. We are not out of gas. The motor is not missing. We do not have a flat tire. We—"

She—"So you have an original excuse."

He—"There isn't any excuse. The only reason I stopped is because I want to neck."

She—"Oh! That's different. Why didn't you say—mmmm—"

Two Communists were engaged in conversation.

"Nice weather we're having," one remarked.

"I suppose so," said the other grudgingly. "But the capitalists are having it too."

A visitor to the Naval Academy while passing some of the buildings heard the singing of the Glee Club. He stopped to listen.

A Navy junior was standing nearby admiring the sweet chirp of a cricket.

"What beautiful singing!" suggested the visitor.

"Yes," said the boy, "they do it by rubbing their hind legs together."
—*Ranger*

First Chauffer: "Have you ever been pinched for going too fast?"

Second: "No, but I've been slapped."

Mother—"Sonny, don't use such bad words."

Son—"Shakespeare used them."

Mother—"Well, don't play with him."

He had a fortune of \$60,000. He amassed this large sum through courage, enterprise, initiative, military efficiency, and the death of an uncle who left him \$59,999.50.

Jack and Jill went up the hill—it was 10:20.

Wife—"Did you see those men staring at that girl as she boarded that train?"

Husband—"What men?"

She—"Do you think I'm bowlegged?"

Senior—"Not exactly, but I don't think you'd have to detour if you came to a hydrant."

A novice at trout fishing had hooked a minnow and succeeded in reeling it in till it was against the end of the pole.

"What do I do now," he asked the instructor.

"Climb out the rod and stab it," the instructor said.

Scene—A crowded trolley car. A young lady is vainly groping for her purse to pay her fare. A young man is standing nearby with anguish written plainly on his handsome features.

Young Man—"Pardon me, miss, but may I pay your fare?"

Young Lady—"Sir!"

Several seconds of groping.

Young Man—"I beg your pardon again, young lady, but won't you let me pay your fare?"

Young Lady—"Why, I don't even know you, and anyway I'll have this purse open in a minute."

Continued groping.

Young Man—"I really must insist on paying your fare. You've unbuttoned my suspenders three times."

Mary had a little lamb,
Given by a friend to keep,
It followed her around until,
It died from loss of sleep.

Little Audrey went out riding one day. When he stopped the car she laughed and laughed because she knew he was only her brother.

A man isn't drunk when he falls on the floor; he's drunk when he tries to hold on to it.

Definition of a true musician: When he hears a lady singing in the bath, he puts his ear to the keyhole.

He—"Do you believe kissing is unhealthy?"

She—"I can't say—I never—"

He—"You mean you've never been kissed?"

She—"I've never been sick."

Soph—"I never could see why they always call a boat 'she'."

Senior—"I can see that you've never tried to steer one."

Repair Man—"Shall I install a loud or soft horn, sir?"

Motorist—"Just one with a dirty sneer."

Telephone operator to a new girl she is breaking in: "No, honey, you say, 'Just a moment, please,' not, 'hang on to your pants, mister'."

"You should place your hand over your mouth when you yawn."

"What! And get bit?"

"You look lovelier to me every minute—do you know what that means?"

"Yes, the car is about to run out of gas."

"My shaving brush is very stiff. I wonder what's wrong with it?"

"I don't know. It was all right yesterday when I painted the bird cage with it."

He—"You seem rather distant this evening."

She—"Well, your chair isn't nailed to the floor."

"Let me go, let me go."

"Why should I let you go?"

"I'm a little film and I want to be released."

*Start right by having your
themes and topics typed*

Prompt, accurate service at reasonable rates.

COLLEGE TYPING CO.

Across Lower Campus from Library

Badger 3747

Hours: 7:30 a. m. - 6:00 p. m.

"Serving Wisconsin students for nearly 20 years"



PIPE MAKES AUNT CRY "UNCLE!"

—but her
nephew's out of the dog house now!



HECTOR BOARDED (free of charge) with his rich old aunt. But his pipe smelled like a Fourth-of-July punk, and one day it made her explode. She chased him out for good.



WHERE THERE'S A WILL there's a way to get mentioned in it. Hector switched to Sir Walter, the mild blend of fragrant burleys... and see how it worked! Try it, men. 50 pipe loads, 15¢.

KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE WITH SIR WALTER

This NEW Cellophane tape seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!

UNION
MADE

Tune in **UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE**
Every Friday night—NBC Red Network
Prizes for your "Dog House" experience

It is said that the man who had eleven children has gone stork mad.

She—"Will you love me just the same when we're married?"

He—"Why, of course, you know I've always liked married women best."

"But, darling, why aren't you wearing my fraternity pin?"

"All the fellows say it tears their clothes."

Co-ed—"Oh, professor, whatever do you think of me now that I've kissed you?"

Professor—"You'll pass."

The flivver pounded laboriously down the pavement and gradually settled at the curb with a groan and a sigh. The motor continued to rumble. The town wit near by did his daily bit of philosophizing, with, "Yew might as well turn 'er off, fellers, there's no concrete coming out of 'er."

"There's always something around me that keeps me from drinking a lot of beer."

"Your boy friend, I suppose?"

"Nope, my girdle."

"Fine car you have there, Jones. What's the most you've gotten out of it?"

"Nine times in one block."

She—"Sometimes you seem so manly and other times absurdly effeminate. Why is it?"

He—"Heredit. You see, half my ancestors were men and the other half women."

The scene was in the reading room of a large public library. A man was reading birth and death statistics. Suddenly he turned to the man on his right and said, "Do you know that every time I breathe a man dies?"

"Very interesting," replied the stranger. "Why don't you chew gum?"



"Where did you get that black eye?"

"In the war."

"What war?"

"The Boudoir."

Date—"If you kiss me I'll scream."

Deke—"But there's no one within hearing distance."

Date—"Then what are you scared of?"

EERIE

Taken from a freshman paper: "A morality play is one in which the characters are goblins, ghosts, virgins, and other supernatural characters."

CHEAT

"I guess I'll cut in on this dance," said the surgeon, as he chloroformed the St. Vitus patient.

WASTE

A middle aged woman lost her balance and fell out of a window into a garbage can. Chinaman passing remarked: "Americans very wasteful. That woman good for ten years yet."

TRUE LOVE

Painter: "You are the first of my models I have ever kissed."

Model: "How many have you had?"

Painter: "Four. An apple, a banana, a bouquet and you."

TOURNAMENT PLAY

Elderly Gentleman (bewildered at elaborate wedding): "Are you the bridegroom, young man?"

Wedding Guest: "No, sir; I am not. I was eliminated in the semi-finals."

DYING

The doctor rushed out of his study. "Get my bag at once!" he shouted.

"Why dad," asked his daughter, "what's the matter?"

"Some fellow just phoned he can't live without me!" gasped the doctor, reaching for his hat.

His daughter breathed a sigh of relief. "Just a moment," she said quietly. "I think that call was for me!"

AND BURIED IN DUST

Little Boy (reading war news): "What does it mean here by 'seasoned troops'?"

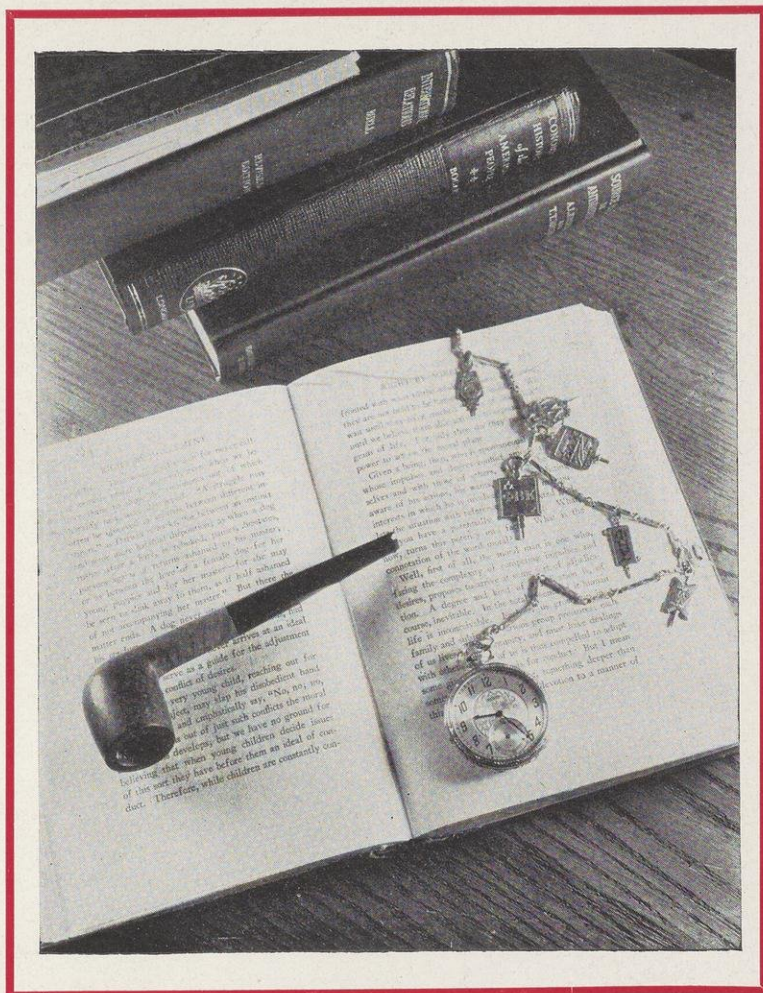
Parent: "Mustered by the officers and peppered by the enemy."

ERROR

Governor, looking at newly-constructed WPA dam: "Migawd, the water! It's supposed to be on the other side!"

BACK TO SCHOOL--

THROUGH its free membership plan the CO-OP urges you to take full advantage of its annual rebates . . . Over \$7,000.00 declared in 10% trade rebates last year . . . 5% immediate cash rebates if you prefer . . .



Join The Co-op - - Membership Free

Books - - - - - New and Used
All School Supplies - - - - Gifts and Room Furnishings

The Co-OP

STATE STREET

AT LAKE STREET

For The Benefit Of Students - - - Not For Profit



Drop a line to
CHESTERFIELD
 P. O. BOX 21
 NEW YORK CITY
 for your copy of
TOBACCOLAND, U.S.A.

Reading their copy are
FRED ASTAIRE
 and **RITA HAYWORTH**
 now starring in
 "You'll Never Get Rich"
 a Columbia picture

**Send for your free
 copy and see why**

It's **Chesterfield**
for a Cooler Milder Better-Tasting smoke



Like millions who have read it, Chesterfield believes you too will enjoy **TOBACCOLAND, U. S. A.** . . . the only complete picture story telling you all about the making of a great cigarette.

TOBACCOLAND gives you all the interesting facts . . . from the planting of fine cigarette tobaccos on through to the final stages of modern cigarette manufacture. *The more you know about cigarettes the more you'll enjoy Chesterfields.*

Everywhere you go . . .
 it's have a Chesterfield *They Satisfy*